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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Two days and \$30 million later, the shareholders at least agreed to get along—which is all Pierre Trudeau really asked of them. The real hot potatoes of interest rates, the Middle East and such were handed over to ministers of finance and foreign affairs. The talks provided glimpses of the personal idiosyncrasies of men (and a woman) in high places. Mackenzie's Ottawa Bureau Chief Robert Lewis produced our special report.

—Pete



A rather wobbly ceasefire takes hold in the Middle East, giving the PLO a victory. — *Page 23*

Behavior	42
Bioethics	43
Business	44
Canada	45
Column	46
Fatheringham	47
Cover story	48
Debate	49
Editorial	50
Feature	51
Justice	52
Letters	53
Politics	54
People	55
Puzzle	56
Profile	57
Religion	58
Sports	59
This Canada	60
U.S.A.	61
World	62



They were still talking — but there still seemed no quick end to the postal strike. — *Page 1*



The songs and style of Billie Holiday live again on Jay Steel's new album, *Reincarnation*. — *Page 28*



Dissemination of anti-Catholic racism in Ontario deemed not a laughing matter. — *Page 38*

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Pitch from a fan in the outfield

"You submerged incipient elitism and gloried in the antics of 'dem bums.'"

By Rita Christopher

My playing days ended way before the courts decreed that girls could join the little league. And so, an awareness of the deference that such blatant sexism could inflict on my subsequent development, I happily played baseball with the neighborhood gang as a pickup team known only as "Our Side." Our perennial opponents were the "Cathole Kula" lot, you understand, that this was a sign of the 17th-century religious wars. It was just that the mom at the local parochial school had made so good a case for physical education. As a result, even with the minimal co-ordination I contributed as a butterfingerted outfielder, "Our Side" crushed the "Cathole Kula" nine times out of 10.

When we didn't play baseball, we watched it on the flickering screen of a black-and-white tv set as we huddled in basement playrooms, sticky with orange Kool-Aid. (Network programmers gave us little cheer in those days.) We listened to honey-throated Mel Allen describe the arc of a home run. While he was regaling the adolescent psyche like the Pope, Allen, with his bow tie, his baggy eyes and his inimitable explanation of the infield fly rule, had quite a following in those days. In a sense, a cartoon that unfairly subjects to Howard Cosell, it's hard to believe that the Yankees fired Allen (so it was rumored) because he talked too much.

Allen's disparagement was not, let me remind you, shared when Walter O'Malley moved the Brooklyn Dodgers to Los Angeles—an act that many New Yorkers regarded as traitorous. In that town you were born a Yankee or a Dodger fan, an allegiance you inherited like religion or nationality, and that, you saw some far-off relatives, you could remember only in death. (New York's third team, the Giants, had a following thanks to Willie Mays but they never captured the same depth of emotion.) Which team you rooted for was more than a matter of baseball. It was a matter of self-image. Yankee fans were, as advertising men might put it, up-scale and upwardly mobile kids. We always figured kids who rooted for the Yankees were incorrigible rebels. To root for the Dodgers, you submerged incipient elitism and gloried in the antics of "dem bums." Who but a Dodger fan could love Pete Rosen, an outfielder who belted his head into the wall so often jumping for fly balls that everyone figured his brain had achieved the consistency of cottage cheese?

Even in those days New York baseball pelted precariously on the brink of soap operas. But instead of tuning in tomorrow to see if the owners and players had made any progress, we kept on such provocative questions as "How dumb is Mickey Vernon?" "Can Carl Furillo talk and think at the same time?" "Can Walter Alton mumble more than five words a minute?" There was boycott hope at the

beginning of every season that this would be the year the Dodgers would win the World Series and wrenching heart-break as they blew it once again. In an interview after that game the legendary home-run belt it Bobby Thomson that gave the Giants the pennant in 1955, Ralph Branca admitted he went to confession after the game and forgot his troubles. I have never forgotten. My childhood memories of baseball remain stained for instant revival. They are both uniquely mine and part of a shared information system that unites complete strangers in the innocent reminiscence of a fly ball on a swaggy summer day.

New York without baseball that summer is like a summer without trees. It just isn't natural! No less eminent a fan than Yale University President A. Bartlett Gumnath, an avid Boston Red Sox reader, appeared on Good Morning America to bewail the current crisis. The negotiations are

mentioned lightly on network news in the same lugubrious tones that were used to commemorate the number of days the American hostages spent in Iranian captivity. The impact, in fact, regularly receives more press coverage than high interest rates and auto industry layoffs. The problem isn't only that there is no baseball, that desperate television stations have been reduced to running grade Z movies every night. But city residents have fallen strangely silent without the buzz of ball and strike reports from passing transistor radios.

The tragedy is that the strike has interrupted the carefully nurtured notion that baseball has remained a guiltless tribute to youthful dreams. Admittedly, the huge sums of money free agents have been gulping down should have sagged, even to darkness, that the game they love has changed radically. The strike might even have shattered illusions. The players and owners long ago traded nostalgia for profit-and-loss sheets. Today's baseball is a game played by lawyers for the benefit of accountants. Ironically, baseball's resulting loss of innocence came at a time when nostalgia for lost continents seems to have gripped the American public.

Didn't old sportsmanhood who broadcast games as "Dutch" Rueter capture us with his vision of a simpler America? Dutch, of course, is ironizing that simplicity is never as simple. Maybe, to break the tension of dealing with Congress, he really wants time out to take a swing at selling the baseball strike. With his strong feelings about keeping America's moral defenses solid, the president must proclaim a national emergency. That would open the way for a federal judge to order players back on the field for an 80-day cooling-off period. Now that really would be a winning one for the Gipper.

Rita Christopher is a Maclean's contributing editor in New York.

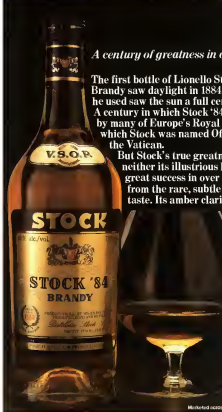


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King of the middle of the road

A new breed of entrepreneur is turning a profit from theatre

By Patricia Keesey Smith

It is winter in the season of discontent, then warmer is the time for sentiment. This is the golden season, when a fluffy cloud covers the country's theatres, raising down buckets of hope-moisture, happy-ever-after, broken dreams and sendmy-the-sun-will-shine. The chronic sufferer (theatre) producer and composer David Warrack perfectly. It is rare at any time of year that a Warrack production isn't playing somewhere in Canada, but this summer he has surpassed himself by producing four shows in Toronto at once. At the glitzy Imperial Room in the Royal York Hotel, the supper-venue *We Got Love* mixes schmaltz standbys with 12 new songs by David Warrack, the popular coauthor Toronto, Toronto is in its 1960s month. *Moddy-In-All* (Downtown), a co-star show about Stephen Leacock, is playing at the Adelaide Court Theatre and *Happily Ever After*, a feminist musical which opened last summer at the Christwood Festival, is ensconced at the Carlglen, one of Toronto's most distinguished offstage theatres.

From champagne and chandeliers at the Imperial Room to the plastic seats and health-food cookies at the Carlglen, the range is remarkable, though not, perhaps, as broad as it seems. The common ground in entertainment, tripping and test-joking either thus

profound, occasionally trifling but rarely offensive and, for the most part, solidly bookable. At 36, Warrack is king of the middle of the road, a beaming Calgary boy who truly believes in the optimistic meliorism he dispenses. "I'm mildly middle class," he grins, and so is the largest theatre audience in the country. The keys to Warrack's longevity are the sturdy old-fashioned ones. *There for Two*, the show about his own life that he wrote, produced and starred in across Canada in 1975-'76, recalls the breezy sophistication of *Annie and Rogers* in the '30s. In a series of comedy songs, the naive piano man wows and wins a lovely lady, who turns out to be—guess who?—his own wife. *Yams*, along with two of his other shows, *Street Scenes* and *Flirts*, share the distinction of being among the longest-running shows in the country.

In Canada's welfare state of subsidized theatre, Warrack's commercial achievement is exceptional. On 75 per cent of shows, his backers see a profit. After paying off pre-production costs, the cost of Toronto, Toronto got a 50-per-cent raise, rose in a profession where love usually has to substitute for money. He's not yet in the financial league of 86 Mirvish, the real estate magnate, who may one day be the name behind Toronto's version of Broadway or the West End. He's much closer to a new breed of producers such as Mis-



tre's Maurice Pollack, Toronto's Peter Peroff and Edmonton's Joe Shacter who are proving, on a small scale, that commercial theatre can work in Canada. Warrack is a decent free-enterpriser, prone to such lunacies as, "It's appalling that half the population of this country is either salaried by the government or on the dole." While not opposed to subsidized theatre, which is the source of much of the country's theatrical talent, Warrack believes that Canadian theatre must become more self-sufficient to survive.

For Warrack, survival seems a cheerful throng of activity that can leave others exhausted, but seems somehow to sustain him. A typical stretch had him driving to London at 11 at night for a rehearsal at *We Got Love* and arriving three hours later, looking dapper in a dark three-piece suit, cravating shoes and ordering drinks, while stage manager and director sat bleary-eyed in crumpled blue jeans. He worked all night on musical arrangements and straight through the next day. The rare and fading of shows takes Warrack much further than most producers. "I'm not like the generals during the war who sent their first soldiers over the hill. I go in with them." Warrack recently wrote a short opera spoof which was performed by the Canadian Opera Company (COC) in Montreal at a gala benefit for the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York. The young singers panicked when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his escort arrived 45 minutes late, and the show had to compete with a delayed full-scale *Kanquar*. According to Sharron Ferrell of the COC ensemble, Warrack's supportive presence and knowing wink at the cast saved the show. Ross Barry Belchamber, who plays Stephen Leacock in the Warrack production, "David always has tea, and when he believes in a show, the support is total."

Yet his time may well be spread over too many projects. Warrack has always been more of a conceptual than a critical success. *Remix* Miller, a friend and fellow producer, calls him a workaholic who can't say no, and would prefer to see Warrack spending less time on producing and more time on his writing. Warrack's maximal versatility is rooted in solid conservatism: treating life as both a singer and performer in place has across the country, loves and

understands opera, will enough to have discussed with singers, director Leslie Marano the possibility of writing an opera for the COC, and has written a full-scale musical, *Democracy*, which was performed in Banff, and a mass for the COC. Once on the commercial merry-go-round, however, it's hard to get off. Especially since, with the exception of occasional blunders such as the *Leacock* show, which has already lost Belchamber and Warrack \$16,000 each, he's as good at making money. Barbara Cooper, a pleased leader of Toronto, Toronto who runs Cooper Communications, applauds Warrack's talent for putting together the right package. She regards him as a "brilliant facilitator, able to bring the elements together—casting, art, publicity and, always, appropriate budget."

David Warrack's income will reach six figures for the first time this year, but the golden years are recent. As he ruefully puts it, "Some people think I was born in 1975" with *Open at Toronto's Theatre/Del*, a view that was written in less than two weeks. In fact, he was born into a comfortable middle-class home in Calgary. David made his radio debut at 5 singing *The Blue Bird* at 7, he began piano lessons—the standard upon which his mother married his father was that their children take music. Comedy writing began in high school, with an old bus and a pet duck, when he and his fellow folk singers rode the fair circuit from Calgary to Regina, during three-minute madrigals with 18 instruments. "It wasn't a show, it was a trick meet," he recalls. Warrack came to Toronto in 1967 with a suitcase full of short novels and no one to produce them. After studying political science and then music at the University of Toronto, he went into business himself, playing piano on the club circuit from 1968 to 1972,

starting with summer gigs at working men's clubs. Choosing show business also meant changing wives. "My first wife thought she was marrying a professor," Warrack's present wife, Kelly, knows that she's linked to a once-man-of-the-moment, and even admirably, perhaps because she's also an artistic consultant who shares office space and much business with him. In 1979 they bought a house for \$225,000. It has got the comforts they have worked toward and are still paying for—swimming pool, garden, a studio. (Warrack's sister, the actress Wilfong, 39 months, and Cayleigh Ann, 14 months. Neighbors tend to be fans of his shows, like the doctors next door who let him know that Princess Margaret had been to see *We Got Love*.)

Three days, Warrack is pursuing many paths, both commercial and creative, and it is impossible to tell which will win out. Some predict he will be writing the new big sound musical, a musical theatre requiring specific talents, and a demanding form like *Shogun*. David will combine a broad American feel with the intimacy of British music hall, and probably surpass both. *Globe and Mail* critic Carole Corbett may dismiss *Love* as "the pursuit of blather," but the *Star's* McKenzie Porter hailed Warrack's *Flirt*. *Tue*, as a combination of "Neil Coward and Cole Porter." According to Hensar Piller, "when David has something to say, he says it with great talent; when he has nothing to say, he possesses the craft and grace to resist that talent." Doubtless he will remain in the middle kingdom of musical theatre, in between neighbors of opera and lowbrow of rock and roll. Others, he says, may "work in the avant-garde and wait for the rest of the world to catch up." In the meantime, David Warrack will be keeping them entertained. ☐

Manda Cannon (left) and Victoria Show in *Happily Ever After*, Belchamber as Leacock (middle) in *Stephen Leacock*



Chief of *We Got Love*, Ellen Zoroff (left) and Billy Weston-Davis in Toronto, Toronto's stick on the commercial merry-go-round



A creaming for the butter boats

The honorable practice of smuggling in the North Sea is likely to be with us for a while yet

By Peter Lewis

It was a trick with a trick to head-wink customs officers and nobody knows how long the man with the glass leg got away with it before he was caught. An elderly German war veteran, the man had found a way to convert part of his artificial leg into a glass container, and when he was finally stopped in the southern Dutch port of Barmhaven as he huddled down the gangway of the *Dolphin 2*, he was found to be carrying, in addition to his legal ration of duty-free goods, more than a gallon of 100% liquor in his prosthetic. It is not known how the authorities obtained use to the smuggler, nor what became of him, but the *Dolphin 2*'s crew admits to a soft spot for the resourceful German because smuggling is considered far more by the repressed North Sea people. In fact, the *Dolphin 2* itself is engaged in a dodge to defy customs, and the man with the glass leg had merely been taking advantage of the *Dolphin 2*'s scheme to beat the system by going one better himself.

The *Dolphin 2* is a "butter boat," one of the 30-odd ships that steam into international waters from ports on the North and Baltic seas for the single purpose of selling goods free of tax. Once the boats pick up their load of duty-free goods, coffee, tobacco, perfume, chocolate and butter (whence the name "butter boat"), they head back to the same port to discharge their passengers. In summer, the boats perform this daylight-of-the-sea as often as three times a day, in the delight of lurching hunters from hundreds of miles around. But the



Passengers disembark from a butter boat making it a point of honor to defy customs

boats, like the man with the glass leg, have at last fallen foul of the law. The European Community's (EC) Court of Justice in Luxembourg last month ruled that the butter boat ruse was illegal and empowered national courts in Germany and Holland to ban the ships.

The decision came after a five-year legal fight waged by West German shopkeepers who claimed that the smuggling tax-free Europeans had stolen 30 per cent of their trade in butter alone. European Community head-quarters in Brussels estimated that in selling 6,000 tonnes of butter, 1,800 tonnes of cheese and equally huge amounts of other goods last year, the pirate ships cost the EC more than \$7 million in lost taxes.

Yet the ruling against the ships does not mean they will go out of business at

once. It could indeed take months, if not a year or two, for the national courts to get around to prosecuting and in the meantime the boats, in the meantime, unperturbed, the boats are doing a roaring trade. Most of their passengers are hauled into the butter boat ports from towns both far and near in West Germany and the Netherlands. Passengers (most of them retired folk with more time than cash to spare) pay a nominal \$6 for the full day's outing—a sum they quickly recoup by buying the ship's duty-free items at 30 to 40 per cent less than the retail price. "They get a free trip, the chance to land up with bargains and the satisfaction of getting a mild one over the customs officers," says the *Dolphin 2*'s owner, Jacques Storme.

Regular butter boat passengers count on the scheme to help them stretch their pennies. Emma Seefeldt, a 50-year-old widow from Bremen, explains that she makes the trip twice a month, spending about \$25 on such essentials as instant coffee, butter, canned meat and chocolate, as well as an additional \$4 on shrimp for her husband, and the odd carton of orange juice. When the boats go out of business, Mrs. Seefeldt will have to skip the luxuries.

People were drawn to the butter boats as much by the occasion to travel and to mix socially as by the chance to save on the grocery bill. Dieter Gruber, the driver of Mrs. Seefeldt's bus, describes the butter boat system as "one of the rare breaks for the old and poor in Europe. It's heartless of the authorities to stop it for the sake of a few tax



conservation concepts: the importance of knowing what goes where.

Most of us have many appliances around the house. Some of them use more energy than others. One of the best ways to use electricity wisely is to be especially aware of the big energy users.

For example, making sure there is a full load before turning on dishwashers, washers and dryers, can save a lot. Keeping all electrical appliances cleaned-up and tuned-up is another important conservation concept.

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Dishwasher (hot water not included)	1,300	8	.32
Food Processor - 15 cu. ft.	325	75	3.00
Food Processor - 15 cu. ft. heat free	425	90	3.00
Freezer - Full Size (12 cu. ft.)	250	150	4.00
Freezer - Old Model	260	50	2.00
Over-Door	1,450	22	.68
Range (standard)	12,500	150	4.00
Refrigerator Freezer - 12 cu. ft.	300	150	4.00
Refrigerator Freezer - 12 cu. ft. (best)	500	150	6.00
Room Air Conditioner (5,000 Btu per hour)	625	80-400	2.40-16.00 (per month)
Room Air Conditioner (6,000 Btu per hour)	400	80-400	3.60-24.00 (per month)
Television - Black & White	200	30	1.20
Television - Colour	330	40	1.60
Water Heater	3,000	660	26.00

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There, Suzuki, Schmidt, Reagan, Trudeau, Mitterrand, Thatcher, Spadolini: then the future took a spin toward economic hell

COVER

Power tripping at the top

Their dreadful imperative: 'to understand where the devil the world is going'

By Robert Lewis

They assembled in Ottawa, en route to a summit in seclusion down the river, with jet engines screaming and chop-people filling the skies. They brought 800 advisers and attracted 1,500 media merchants, most of whom spent the two days confusing each other back in Ottawa. At the centre, there were just seven people,* harnessedly seated and pampered in a lodge of logs at Montebello, Que. They sat down to dinner, to get to know one another, as the symbols of industrial might and leaders of nations, with a total population of 595 million, that produce 86 per cent of the world's gross national product. Yet after they had spent 16 hours together and more than \$10 million, there was the humbling admission by their host and spokesman, Pierre Trudeau: "We are not that good at shaping our destinies."

And how. Barely had the seven left town, professing faith in their future together, than their affairs took a spin toward economic hell in a shopping basket. In Canada, not only had two national symbols been slaughtered for a heavier toll soup at the first supper, the dollar fell to its lowest level in 50 years, while interest rates soared to the highest ever (see page 55). In Britain inflation rose to 11.8 per cent. In Bonn Chancellor Helmut Schmidt was planning his tight-binding budget. The signs from Washington pointed to another recession.

The most striking statistics, though, were not about countries, but leaders at the summit. Their combined years on the planet (428) compared to the total of their years in power (only 244). They met as politicians in the core, survivors from the long march through the political wilderness. They had scraped and schemed for years to attain their nation's highest office, and this was the essential nature of the sport at Montebello, not any great sense of duty for concerted action. Four of them—America's Ronald Reagan, France's François Mitterrand, Japan's Zenko Suzuki and Italy's Giovanni Spadolini—had come to power since the summit in Venice last summer. Only Schmidt of West

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By all accounts they did just that—and more. Because of the restless media hands, the leaders also felt compelled to make much more of the final communiqué than it deserved. In doing so they concealed only the central fact that summitry operates by unanimity—when a nation objects to a point, out it goes. No Bushmills or Taliskers need apply for the task, only the so-called "sherpas," who do the real shagging for bosses in back rooms, and legions of publicity flacks who spread the gospel according to their leader. Accordingly, Reagan, the only leader to fit around in his very own hole again—Bismarck's hole, if that comes to mind—with his War Room—looked at and loathed that his economic

*President Tito, Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev, and German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt were not present.

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politics had been the day (see box, page 14). Much of the others, however, was given over almost in toto—for Jacques Spadolini, a commitment to free trade, for the Republicans, quiet words about countries taking account of others in their economic policymaking; for Schmidt, a watered-down reference to Italy's role in the Balkans. There was a self-avoid with a victory of sorts on the North-South dialogue, even though the usual phrase had mainly to do with the reluctance of the eagle for the chase (see page 17).

The consensus by committee barely concealed the fundamental split in the way world leaders look out on the world. The handling, such as it could be gleaned from hurried accounts from inside, had more to do with shared experiences in and out of power—and the doubtful inspiration of things, as Trudeau had it, "to understand where the devil's world is going."

By the by, hurried heads of governments in trouble used Ottawa as a refuge from the hairy business of criticism in democratic back home. In Italy, for example, Spadolini is known derisively as "this man's prime minister" and the Italian press gleefully dismissed the summitaries as "the Swiss Dwarf's" In the U.S., Reagan is under fire for his 9-to-5 days and for his plan to spend most

of August out of his home contacts at his California ranch in Japan, Suzuki is on a slide in the popularity polls—down 36 per cent at his best to a recent 35—and one major magazine has dubbed him "King Zerk the Ignorant."

In their informal chats over drinks and during rounds of bilateral meetings, the leaders groped at awkward historical references to establish new connections and to try to understand

their collective lot. Schmidt at one point suggested that at least the club could take solace from the fact that the summit is not as bad as it was during the 1920s. Italy's Spadolini warned to Reagan because the U.S. president reminded him of Adolfo Karamitchev with his "famous-like wisdom." Spadolini further sought to forge a link by noting that both men lead Republican parties and, further, that 19th-century Italian



Flying in Reagan's private chopper had instant communications with his War Room

The boss of all bosses

They could be accused for their dramatic lack of enthusiasm in commending themselves to consensus politics that guarantee no immediate relief for the 26 million unemployed workers within their seven nations. But the leaders of the world's largest industrial economies did just that at Montebelluna, shaking back their criticisms of what outsiders considered candidate George Bush termed the "voodoo economics" of Ronald Reagan. As vice-president, Bush's convention has been complete, he savors Reagan's words for lowering inflation by slashing budgets, cutting taxes and maintaining Jimmy Carter's cragily high interest rates. The same could not be said of the other six leaders, who swallowed their pride and signed the summit communiqué despite any feelings they had about supporting Reagan's economic liberalism in a time when one out of every five western European young people is without work. They simply were given no alternative.

For all the advance storm warnings, the European leaders came and left quietly. François Mitterrand and Helmut Schmidt had together planned a "European economic summit," not in a clear post-summit, or such public de-

clarations appeared more directed at their French and West German electorates than at Reagan. Instead, they tried to demonstrate the hardship experienced by having the U.S. dollar rise nearly 40 per cent against their currencies in the past year. For one, they would pay their oil bills in U.S. dollars. For another, the high U.S. interest rates have sucked foreign money into U.S. bank accounts—forcing the Europeans to compete for their own capital by increasing domestic interest rates. The Americans seem to have had more success in attracting foreigners to save their money in American banks than they have had in getting Americans to save money and borrow less. (Overseeing the European groupings, Pierre Trudeau clearly said on the Monday that he felt like telling them, "Welcome to the club.") By Thursday, the Canadian dollar had been driven to a 48-year low while bank lending rates soared to a near-record high of 21 per cent.

Despite the rhetoric, there was no attempt to reverse the public's pessimistic American perception, says Finance Minister Allan Rock. He said, "We should not have assumed Trudeau in advance that he would not lead any anti-American faction. As MacEachern noted, all Reagan's political capital lay with his economic recovery and more of the leaders' criticism in recent weeks, on occasion how shaky his grip might seem as ex-



Reagan, they welcomed and agreed

name matters. For their part, Reagan advisers seemed content to rally their boss's positions through. "They didn't offer any alternatives," denied press Secretary of Steve Alexander Hagg. All they offered was strong concern about the effectiveness of Reagan's plans—and, in MacEachern's words, real anxiety over "what is the contingency plan?" Mitterrand warned of "potential world upheaval" in Europe should Reagan's policies, which Schmidt's government "cannot measure" his government

patric Giuseppe Garibaldi had been a strong Republican and friend of Lincoln's.

Mitterrand endorsed himself to Reagan on the first night with his criticism of the Soviet and a pledge of loyalty to NATO. Obviously shocked on the first meeting with the divided Socialist, Reagan wrote that the French president "seemed like me or anyone else." Reagan and Thatcher, of course, were already check-to-check on economic and defense policies and, in turn, they shared with Mitterrand the sense of arriving in power committed to fundamental changes in the way their nations are governed from the center.

As the much-praised host, Trudeau orchestrated the talks with touches that are familiar to Canadian observers. Apart from isolating the leaders from the press, he spent the Monday session by urging Trudeau to send a telegram, interview, which also did. The PM also dined with protocol and not serving leaders on the lawn as casual affairs. By Monday night dinner, even Reagan and Suzuki had taken off their ties. Except for Trudeau's down dip in the pool, however, none of the leaders went near the recreational facilities. Reagan did not ride horses. Suzuki did not play golf (although he boasts a 14 handicap). For a meeting a

world ham to take in order to stimulate the German economy out of doldrums created by the highest interest rates in Germany "since the birth of Christ." In an extraordinary statement, the Bank for International Settlements—a central bank for the world's central banks—warned earlier this month of a collapse in international economic cooperation if the cost of Reagan's monetary policies proved too heavy for domestic politicians to bear. And that collapse, the bank suggested, could lead the world into the kind of beggar-thy-neighbor economic policies that led to the world in the Great Depression of the 1930s.

Even with such thoughts nibbling at their minds, it is perhaps not surprising that the seven national summit leaders maintained the smiles of solidarity. After all, it was these same seven who signed the final communiqué's adherence to free trade while six of them had moved to restrict automobile exports by the month. Japan, South Africa and the U.S. had agreed to expand military and economic partners. More important in determining the future are such advice between the leaders as his plan to Reagan by Gaston Thorn, whose presidency of the European Community gave him quasi-delegate status at Montebelluna. "We can't wait on the president," he said, "we can't wait on the president."

—LAS AMBERSON

few minutes away from the lodge. Schmidt and Reagan even rode in a golf cart, the president cheerfully at the wheel with Schmidt looking like he wanted to jump off. After dealing with affairs of state, there was no time for leisure.

Even the summiters exhibited the problems of lesser mortals when the time came for small talk. When Reagan

Mitterrand and René Lévesque golf carts



working language. Over dinner the leaders noted that four—Trudeau, Thatcher, Mitterrand and Spadolini—also spoke French. When Spadolini light-heartedly suggested, "We're in Quebec here," Trudeau replied quickly, "We're in Canada, in the province of Quebec." Later, Frenchophone reporters brought Trudeau back to linguistic realities when they peppered him with questions about the apparent downgrading of the country's other official language.

In contrast to past summits where leaders made commitments they didn't keep, Trudeau this time ruled out any attempt, as he put it almost scathingly, "to quantify specific demands of what the inflation rate should be, how many billions of dollars we should be saving, how much oil we should be developing and so on." Instead, the leaders shared the hot pot-to-pot over their ministers of finance and foreign affairs. It was there that the tests debates took place over interest rates, the Middle East and South Africa. Germany, the U.S., France and Canada reinvigorated their commitment, for example, to the liberation of Namibia (Southwest Africa) from control by South Africa. Other statements were similarly specific: the leaders deplored the escalation of "terrorism and continuing acts of violence" in



Cope of the newly observing the aqueduct, he felt like welcoming them to the club

sat down in a parlor before breakfast with Suzuki, the U.S. president looked ill at ease and weary, while Suzuki struggled to keep the chit-chat going through as Reagan. After several minutes Reagan announced, "Now, this meeting is a landmark. It has a new mood. The leaders got into some lighter-hearted banter about whether to use English or French at the summit talks. Canadian officials explained before the summit began that none of the leaders—Mitterrand, Suzuki and Spadolini—spoke English, it would be the

the Middle East, without peering any fingers, and they threatened to cut off flights to Afghanistan because of the harboring of aircraft hijackers last March—although no airplanes from the seven nations fly into Kabul. The summit's political outcome was on East-West relations, on which topic Reagan managed to have the summit spend the most amount of time. In the end, despite foggy wording, being caught with Moscow took prominence over arms control talks.

The tarted press of the communi-



Prime Minister Trudeau and Allan Galt nibbling over lunch



Summit session (top) and outbursts (above): not good at shaping destiny

quit was the result of a summit meeting that the press really should have covered, except that it was even more secret than sessions by leaders and ministers. While the politicians dined in three separate rooms Sunday night, the personal representatives—including Allan Galt, under-secretary of state for External Affairs—started drafting the texts. They worked late into the night, resuming their snacking over lunch on Monday. After retreating to the cool of the basement when the air-conditioning failed, the personal reps worked until midnight. By noon Tuesday the working on North-South had been hammered out and approved by leaders, after consultation by the Americans. In return, the U.S. forced the Germans to drop a call for specific measures to stabilize interest rates just before the summit ended on Tuesday, with the leaders now ensconced in the East Block as Parliament Hill, further fans were made. Britain's Thatcher played an active role, at one point leaning down the reference to the importance of market forces in the economy to appease Socialist Minister, who is leaving France toward more state control.

For leaders followed almost daily by leaders, their control, Trudeau's scenario was perfect. Gritting and holding onto power is enough of a trial without the complications of sharing commitments that men's stand the test of time. Japan's Suzuki, the least known, was perhaps the best example of survival. "Suzuki the Buddha," as he is known to his friends, was first elected as a nonaligned opposition member of the Diet in 1947. The next year he narrowly escaped from an earthquake and tidal wave in his south coastal district. A few months later, Suzuki was elected to the governing party, won 14 successive campaigns and emerged, after holding

several cabinet posts, as the consensus choice for prime minister when the incumbent died last year. Like Reagan, Suzuki is a septuagenarian with faith in the future. Reagan, like the others, didn't leave everything to the gods. With doubts proving in the American press about his capacity for detail, presidential advisers ran a relentless show job on the 550 accredited U.S. reporters and anyone else who dared to attend the two or three briefings per day. The American sources, including Secretary of State Alexander Haig, merely provided quotes and anecdotes from inside to convey the sense that Reagan was the man. The industrialists from deep inside were otherwise. While Reagan got top marks for candor, his group of details was weaker than Schmidt, Mitterrand, Thatcher or Trudeau. The aura of the presidency, however, muted the tongues of those who really knew for sure.

The mystery of power was most obvious among the inner lights around the summit who struggled to pincher at the debt of power. In Montebello the

local Liberal star, Robert Gault, was incessant in striding up the lawn with Trudeau and each arriving leader, while his hired photographer snapped press shots for future campaigns. On the sprawling lawn of Government House, Conrad Black of Angus Corporation shuffled his feet almost imperceptibly until, face-to-face with Ronald Reagan, he told the president of his efforts as an early Reagan booster. Moments before, a hearing in St. Catharines, Trudeau's former principal secretary and the Liberal candidate in next month's Toronto by-election, angled his way into an introduction with Spadolini, whose contacts are believed to stretch into the Italian wads of Spadolini riding in Toronto. Margaret Thatcher caught it best when she explained her own rise to power. "The great thing in life when an opportunity comes is to seize it because, if you don't, it will never come again." But just together.

With John from Anderson, John Hay, Susan Haley, John Van Dusen and Lee Washington.

A crack in the country club wall

However oblique, the Ottawa summit compromise on North-South relations, says Pierre Trudeau, means to be relaxed. True, Washington had barely been brought around to the stand it had taken a year ago. But, because he had been dealing with Ronald Reagan for six months, that could be counted a triumph. The Reagan people, after all, have trusted poor countries with what some might call a country club complacency if Americans had made it out to the suburbs on the free-enterprise system, so could Reagan or India prosper if they really tried. There is also in Reagan's Washington rig-



Bank—which happens to include an energy affiliate



Trudeau and Trudeau (top) and (above) earlier moments, suspicion of the UN

gion suspicion of the United Nations, where poor countries can command a voting majority and where they want to hold global negotiations on righting the imbalance between the South's poverty and the North's wealth. Even after a last session of preparation in the White House in early July, Trudeau still couldn't be sure that Reagan would consent to U.S. involvement in such UN talks. It was several days later that Reagan signalled Ottawa he would be ready to listen, and it took diplomats at the summit two midnight meetings before there was agreement on words bolded enough to serve all purposes. Reports the final compromise: "We are ready to participate in preparations for a mutually acceptable process of global negotiations in circumstances offering the prospect of meaningful progress."

The diplomats have even bugged over Trudeau's desire to replace "Global Negotiations," as the U.S. later told reporters, those are key code words strong, underdeveloped, uncertain writing for messages from the rich about their willingness to bargain. Though Trudeau lost his capital and the French pronounced the whole clause "not sufficient" by their lights, Reagan

had at least returned to Jimmy Carter's controversial promise last summer in Venice the United States is again ready to talk about talking. Not that Carter's commitment led to much. At the UN last winter the so-called "Group of 77" poor countries couldn't agree with a U.S.-led group of industrialized states on how to advance the negotiations. That argument now is likely to resurface. Even more obscured in diplomatic verbiage was the pro-conviction on another front: establishment of an energy affiliate at the World Bank that would assist oil exporters' petrodollars in energy-development schemes in poor countries. Reagan and Britain's Margaret Thatcher oppose setting up a new international institution and argue that private oil companies (based mostly in the United States and Britain) could do the job. "They are wrong," says Canadian Finance Minister Allan Rock. "Private capital by itself is not going to do the job." Reagan and Thatcher succeeded in keeping the words "energy affiliate" out of the agreement. But the document does say that the summiters stand ready to explore with oil exporters possible mechanisms "such as those being examined in the World

Bank—which happens to include an energy affiliate. On yet another vexed issue important to the South, Canadian officials allowed themselves some optimism: the long-awaited international sea-lane treaty seems highly likely to be made by the United States (Mackinac, July 6). After 18 years of negotiation, it was feared only a few weeks ago that Washington and perhaps five other seaward powers would repudiate the treaty and the UN as the treaty it would create for managing seabed mining. External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan raised the issue with fellow ministers at Montebello and now thinks "the odds are in favor" of the U.S. rejecting the treaty talks. One factor seems to be that Britain, France and Germany have grown less inclined to adhere to a Washington-inspired anti-seabed outside the UN. The Americans are expected to test the "negotiability" of some changes they want in the treaty at a summit meeting opening Aug. 1 in Geneva. It matters to poor countries, which would benefit from distribution of UN royalties to be imposed on seabed mining under the treaty. But for now, says MacGuigan, Washington "has no position."

All of which presents a murky and contradictory picture as foreign ministers fly to Cancun, Mexico, this week to prepare for their masters' North-South summit there in the fall. On the one hand, it will be hard to disagree with Canadian diplomat Jacques Ray, who observed the UN summit last year and concluded that "the United States has become one of the least responsive countries of the Western world in the demands of the developing countries." On the other hand, it seems possible to hope that even the most obstinate of governments cannot forever resist the logic of coming to terms with the South. "They are right," Trudeau said of the South in the Commons last month. "Justice is on their side." —JOHN HAY

'Gonna sit right down and...'

The rage and frustration of Canadians over the postal strike never penetrated the cool, stilet-coiffured of the L'Esplanade Laurier building in downtown Quebec last week, where, on the third floor, negotiations to end the mail stoppage passed the 50-hour mark as disgruntled reporters whined away the time like teenagers queuing for rock concert tickets. Near midnight one day, a sudden alarm startled among the onlookers as Judge Alain Gold, the mediator in the talks, appeared at the far end of a corridor. But he merely waved, called out "Peace!" and stroled off quietly among the burnt-orange walls and the high wooden doors.

With Canadian Union of Postal Workers (CUPW) President Jean-Claude Parrot and Treasury Board President Donald Johnston locked in an impasse with personal overtones, could the introduction of a third ego break the deadlock? That was the question last week as Gold, a wavy-haired, engaging publicity hound who is chief justice of the provincial court of Quebec, cut short a flying trip to knock heads with the government and CUPW. By week's end, with the damaging mail disruption almost a month old, there was no hint of an imminent resolution.

"These things have their own pace," philosophized the smiling Gold amid a thicket of television cameras and microphones. He refused to speculate on how the mediation attempt was going but did acknowledge that the daily sessions



Alain Gold, and needed mailboxes could a third ego break the deadlock?



were growing longer—sometimes an indication that the hard bargaining that can produce a settlement is at hand. "Look at the eyes," Gold told reporters, nodding toward his own, which were bloodshot.

For all his high-profile media posturing (he celebrated his 60th birthday last Tuesday with a cake from journalists covering the strike), Gold is a highly regarded, seasoned labor expert who enjoys the respect of both sides in the postal dispute. He has long experience as a mediator and conciliator in Quebec where, since 1966, he has been chief arbitrator between the provincial government and public unions.

Operating out of these rooms in L'Esplanade Laurier, Gold alternated discussions with first CUPW's negotiating team and then the government's. After a week of talks reporters estimated that postal union spokesmen and the Treasury Board team had been face-to-face a total of only four or five hours. At the end of the day Gold would send the two groups off with briefcases full of what he called "homework" to prepare for the next sessions. Reports suggested Gold was trying to clear up some of the minor issues—such as health and safety regulations—before tackling pay rates and the contentious benefits issues.

On the most hotly contested issue—membership fees—CUPW wants 30 weeks' paid leave for the 42 per cent of its 23,000 workers who are women. Parrot is not about to budge. "We're going to get it," he declared before 900 people at a rally last week in Ottawa. Asked later in the week how negotiations were progressing, a somewhat more subdued Parrot remarked, "The fact that we are trying is sufficient enough sign of what is happening."

With Parliament no longer doing the public record, renewed in letting Gold handle it. "We are making progress," Gold said, but then even he had to admit how silly it seemed to keep on saying that.

—LES WATKINSON

Nova Scotia

In most respects ready for sea

The sleek, light-green destroyer had one strike against it even as it pulled away from the busy dockyard in Halifax Harbor on the foggy morning of June 30. Its depth-reading echo sounder was broken, and it registered a steady 34 feet of water under the

hull even after the 1800-ton ship had run aground. But as a court martial reviewed last week, questionable judgments and sloppy communications were even more to blame for the ignominious accident on a well-marked shoal near the mouth of the harbor. A groundswell considered a significant event in Maritime Command, as one officer said last week, and for Commander George Brathwaite, 42, this one means a severe reprimand will stay on his record for the rest of his service life—although it won't necessarily damage his career.

The Canadian vessel was patrolling as part of a six-ship NATO task force when, log at the harbor mouth prevented a rendezvous with the ship's nine-tonne submarine-hunter helicopter, so the captain ordered a turnabout to find better visibility. The ship was pointed in the direction of Pleasant Head, on the opposite of what had



Asahinabe and (left) Brathwaite's reprimand without a ripoff?

And now back to the beats

"Workers in this city will never see a strike to bargain for excessive wage demands again," said a triumphant Ron Wallace, mayor of Halifax, as the city's seven-week police procurement strike ended last week. His words may well turn out to be more than routine political cheerleading because even the policemen themselves are discouraged by the limited impact the strike had—even though the pay settlement was close to their demands. Noncommissioned officers patrolled the streets in their place, more than 60 RCMP officers joined the RCMP and the city's mood was business-as-usual—apart from the two nights of violence at the outset. They kept on out for 54 days," says Police Association Executive Director Joe Ross. "If they

had wanted, it could have been 54 years."

The strike ended only after Nova Scotia Premier John Buchanan's appointed negotiating commission stepped in on July 15 and had the contract signed in six days. And for all the discouragement among the guardsmen, the settlement came to within \$700 a year of the wage package for which they had fought. A first-year constable, making \$28,000 before, will get an immediate raise to \$22,000, which will grow to \$29,000 by mid-1990—still behind their counterparts in Toronto (\$27,000 new) and Montreal. "We'll be in a good position [to catch up] next time," says Roy Landry, president of the Police Federation's Association. He says police unions are considering giving up the right to strike in favor of binding arbitration, which they believe has worked fairly in Ontario, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Quebec.

The police now have lost time to make



Early violence: a lot of havoc

Back to normal last week, worth it?

up. "Cops on the street dropped from 30 a week to four," says Ross. "You should see the piles of newspapers there now." Harder to get over will be beat blood at police headquarters. "There's a lot of hatred in there right now," says Landry. "Most of it will heal, but a lot of my men see those 1900s as personally responsible for making the strike last longer. It's like staring at your brother."

No cat has been calculated for the strike yet, but some officials think \$700,000 is close—a tab that the province insists will be paid by the city. That remains unsettled. Now, as merchants in some districts take down the large plywood sheets that protected their display windows, the mayor has followed up by announcing an efficiency study of the police department. "It's not a shake-down," he insists. "We're in charge of the police department. We want to know how it's working." For now, at least, it is working. —GAIL DOUGLAS

The ROYAL WEDDING

Prin. Charles and Lady Diana Spencer
Aug. 12, 1985

Maclean's presents
The Royal Wedding
Souvenir Album

Including
Actual Full Color
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ON SALE

AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND

The week of August 3rd

back to sea long before ripping a grounding. In short order the fog reduced visibility to zero, then faded slightly to reveal a single buoy off the shore. The captain thought it was a channel buoy marking safe water, but the navigator, Lorent Normand Beaulieu, said it was the Pleasant Shoal buoy, marking a clear hazard to the ship—and as the two officers argued the Asanubian pulled to a stop in the rocky bottom. Beaulieu had been right.

Eventually, Beaulieu had spent two years at the fleet school training navigators in "blind piloting," the sort of skills needed on just such a fog-bound morning. But on the Asanubian somebody slipped up on the careful calculations needed for that sort of reckoning, and the captain was not wanted. But his ship was "standing in danger." Indeed, the operations officer, Laurent D'Abbe, recognized the danger, and he later told the five-man tribunal that he might have prevented the grounding by doubling the bridge with the warning. Instead he called by loudspeaker, but his signal wasn't acknowledged. Beaulieu was "let down by his fellow officers," said his defending counsel, Lt.-Col. D. B. Murphy. But the prosecuting officer said the captain should have followed the book by stopping the ship when in doubt.

Beaulieu, a 35-year veteran and married with three school-aged children, has the conviction that, written into his record along with the verdict, are the names of glowing character references read at the court martial. Says a public affairs officer later: "Even if it's not a court martial, it's a court martial. When people think of court martial

they think of being ripped off, uniforms, awards being broken and that sort of thing, but a severe reprimand is just a piece of paper that goes on your record—although it might affect the chances of advancement." In fact, many officers have bounced back from such judgments. A spectacular one involved Commander Richard Lair of the destroyer HMCS Storm, which fired a shell at the state of Washington during gunnery practice in 1982. The shell exploded in a vacant playground, nobody was hurt and Lair received a severe reprimand. Thirteen years later he retired a vice admiral, chief of the Maritime Command—Canada's navy.

—MICHAEL CLAYTON

New Brunswick Uprise at Campobello

When Franklin Delano Roosevelt was president of the United States from 1933 to 1945, residents of Campobello Island, N.B., affectionately referred to him as "our president." That was because the Roosevelt family had long maintained a summer home as the island—young Franklin did a good deal of his growing up there and indeed it was there that his crippling polio attack began. But the islanders' attachment for people and things American has been more than sentimental since Campobello lies just off the Maine coast, and is connected to



Border blockade helps a 100 km away

it by a bridge, islanders (there are 1,300) have regularly shopped in neighboring American towns for everything from groceries to major appliances. In the past the Canada Customs office at Campobello has charged duties on large purchases but has looked more leniently on items such as groceries, for example, establishing an informal limit of \$12.50 below which no duty was charged. But customs officials have begun a crackdown, searching cars, pocketbooks, asking residents to produce their change books for inspection, even turning back American residents arriving across the water to the island. The border skirmish so frustrated the islanders that a fortnight ago they staged a sit-in protest and froze traffic on the international bridge to a standstill. The Campobello residents blame their troubles on the arrival last year of a new customs and excise ranger for the area, Michael Christopher Crockett, who came to New Brunswick from service at Calgary International.

Club an annual \$80,000. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's total pay package now stands at \$230,500—including the \$15,750 tax-free allowance. That latter figure is only \$200 less than the average \$15,980 the government's clerks now earn in a bitter strike last fall, the clerks' then average \$12,600—were denied a cost-of-living index on the grounds it would set an example in a precedent across the civil service. It is a precedent Mrs. are apparently not concerned about setting themselves.

But it wasn't all tales of profligacy from the BH last week. Speaker Saur announced that an exclusive seafood restaurant, it is an Ottawa, highway—where senior bureaucrats and politicians could buy three-course meals for \$3—would close because it cost taxpayers \$95,136 in losses in the eight months it was open. However, sophisticated Mrs. will still be able to enjoy a full steak dinner at the stand-out gourmet restaurant in the Centre Block for the same old \$8—subsidized, of course, by the same old taxpayers.

—SUSAN KELLY



Calder: a wife humiliated his place

Airport, says he is mainly enforcing customs regulations. Islanders reply that, because of their geographic location, they deserve special consideration. The island has just two small grocery stores of its own, and the Canadian alternative is a 140 km round trip (nearly through Maine) to St. Stephen, N.B. Getting groceries is even more of a problem: because of the distance, Canadian service calls are outlandish and often involve a delay. When Stanley Kierstead's septic system acted up, and when he wasn't allowed to hire a repairman from Lubec, Me., at the other end of the bridge, sewage overflowed into the bathtub. "Here we were with almost a health hazard in our bathroom," says Rikita Kierstead, "and we had to wait for someone to come from St. Stephen."

Philosophy support for the islanders' cause comes, naturally enough, from the nearby Maine merchants. At Farmer's Red and White supermarket in Lubec, owner John Farmer says fully a quarter of his business monthly comes from Campobello residents, but there was a big change after the crackdown. "And 45 km away in Natchez, appliance dealer J.B. Gough explained that formerly on service calls, 'We'd have to stop in at customs and tell them we'd got a couple of transistors as a TV



or a pump on a washer, and then the owners would come in and pay the duty. But we haven't had a service call there for quite a little while."

As of last week, local customs officers appeared to be doing their best to cooperate with residents while everyone awaited the appointment of a special citizens' advisory committee promised by federal Revenue Minister William Mulroney. But surely it is one problem he was taking to Ottawa. Glenora Calder, at 72 a lifelong resident of Campobello, was facing up her parents and grandfathers' house. "All we want is a little kindness—mercy," he said. "But this isn't mercy, my house goes up far side, and I'm leaving."

—DAVID POLLER

British Columbia Dollars, crime and punishment

When the federal government stuck an eight per cent excise tax onto British Columbia's natural gas exports last November, the province refused to pay and stashed the money in a special account, leaving Ottawa to take Bill Bennett's boys to court. Now Williams Lake, in the heart of B.C.'s cowboys country, the Cariboo, is using the same tactic on the provinces—and asking to be paid—it is dispute over the costs of policing the town. So far, no one has taken the first step toward court in this one-one-one dance.

Williams Lake is not happy with its new designation as the crime capital of British Columbia, but that could cost its taxpayers \$500,000. B.C. Police Commission statistics show that the town of 6,800 had \$2,439 criminal charges laid within its boundaries last year, the highest per-capita crime rate in the province. Still, it isn't Duke City, says Mayor "Son" Williams. Williams Lake is "downtown" for another 12,000 people who live nearby but outside its boundaries, and once they are added in the crime rate doesn't look all that bad. Mason contends that Williams Lake is a core community for a huge surrounding area and some of the people who come to town to shop and get their teeth fixed also get drunk and stoned cars. The town has a 34-member detachment for the town and the surrounding area and, until a year ago, 10 of its members worked as town police with Williams Lake taxpayers paying for their costs and the province paying for the other 24. That, as the case loads increased in town, few officers were transferred to the town force, stacking Williams Lake with a huge increase in its police bill.

The police tell me there were 1,700

arrests in 1988." Mason said. "Of those 1,110 were far being incarcerated in a public place. Sure, there's a problem with alcohol here but it's a public problem—not a policing problem." So far the town's efforts to get a detox centre as additional help from the provincial health ministry have been unsuccessful.

"It isn't just a health problem when someone gets drunk, drinks out of a car and drives off," said Cpl. J.W. Kitter. "We get a lot of impaired drivers around here." He agreed, though, with the major's suggestion that a small, visible group of about 20 heavy drinkers picked up many of the drunkenness charges. They are so difficult to police that they even have their own risk-



Cops chasing 'troopers' at last Dodge

name. "We call them the 'troopers,'" Kitter said. Many are from nearby Indian reservations—a familiar, and story—the Indian—wearing police-time in the summer and hanging around town the rest of the year. Paying \$500,000 to police the troopers and other teen-look lawbreakers is too much for a town with a yearly budget of only \$3 million, Mason said. "We feel we're being abused by the province." So far, though, Williams Lake hasn't been sued for the money, but in case it comes to that \$50,000 has been set aside for lawyers' fees. The attorney-general's department is hoping that some solution might be found in a study it has just started on policing costs for core cities like Williams Lake. Meanwhile, Williams Lake is about to add to its tax base by absorbing another 1,500 residents who now live just outside its boundaries. That might make Williams Lake policemen well be needed, but Mason isn't overly concerned in this case. Under the province's municipal restructuring laws, Veterans will pick up the police bill for the newly added area for the next five years.

—MAUREN GRAY

Cheques and balances

While inflation edged toward a 35-year high last week the country's members of Parliament got some pleasant news: their hefty salary increases they voted three weeks ago will actually amount to \$4,900 a year more than they had originally anticipated. Latest government figures show that since the 1971 cost-of-living index is calculated, their average salary goes to \$43,800 a year, instead of the \$38,900 reported three weeks ago. Add to that an indexed tax-free expense allowance of \$15,750 (instead of the \$14,400 originally reported) and the average MP will soon be taking home \$59,550 a year—retroactive to Jan. 1.

The new calculations, based on a nine-per-cent inflation index, will give elected ministers, government leaders Jeanne Stort and Opposition leader Joe



Photo: J. G. G.



Destroyed buildings in Beirut and PLO prison: A Lebanese Begins wishes to impose on the Palestinians

WORLD

The stopgap ceasefire

More than military strikes required to ease strained Israeli credibility

By Michael Posner

Officially, it was not even a ceasefire, but "an arrangement"—designed to halt military hostilities and consequently to allow the two combatants to avoid formal recognition of each other. But whatever the appellation, the milestone agreement that last week stopped the bloody war between Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) was a welcome development on both sides of the Lebanese border, and in Washington as well. By all accounts, the three-sided truce, involving the governments of Israel, Lebanon and the United States, is at best a stopgap measure, and it may yet be the prelude to a larger war. But it at least ended for the time being the suffering of the principal victims: innocent civilians of Arab and Israeli nationality alike.

The peace itself is likely to be brittle. According to a senior Israeli official, "If the PLO fires a single bullet, or makes preparations to do so, we will do what has to be done." In practice, in face of isolated breaches of the agreement at week's end, the Israelis were more patient. But effectively they had given themselves the latitude to resume military activities when they see fit. In the meantime, the agreement requires the Lebanese to disarm the PLO guns. But

the Lebanese government has the authority of a wounded lion among a pack of starving jackals. To enforce even this tentative peace, it is ultimately dependent on Washington, which in turn must prevail upon the Royal House of Saudi, the PLO's backers, to keep its client in line. On the stability of this scaffolding, there are no happy betters.

However, the arrangement represents a substantial political victory for Yasser Arafat and the PLO, even Israeli diplomats privately concede as much. Ironically, the ceasefire has accorded the PLO what Washington has repeatedly refused to grant and what Israel has always held unthinkable, de facto recognition. That the PLO is not a formal signatory to the agreement is just a diplomatic nicety. Whether the Reagan administration will now openly invite Arafat's participation in the peace process, without requiring prior recognition of Israel, is uncertain. But the White House is seeking to promote its anti-Soviet consensus in the region. It is also seeking ways to move beyond the rhetoric of the Camp David accords toward genuine Palestinian autonomy. It would not be at all surprising if it eventually concluded that both objectives, as well as a more durable peace, might be served by bringing the Palestinians into the game.

For now, the pace that seems to have stirred Washington's anxiety is what is about Meskiah Begins. The administration has already tried to dictate terms under which future Israeli military enterprises—like the raid on the Iraqi nuclear reactor—might be staged, including prior clearance with the White House. Begins reportedly rejected the American proposals out of hand. Reagan's full-back position has been to embargo T-76 deliveries, but the delay is aimed as much at appeasing Arab governments as it is in rebuking Begins.

On Capitol Hill, Israel's supporters are still trying to figure out precisely why Jerusalem abruptly raised the mili-

tary ante on July 17 by bombing PLO headquarters in the civilian heart of Beirut. That action, some believe, flouted Israel's moral edge. Israel's justification for the Beirut attack is elaborate. It is based in part on an extensive aerial build-up by the PLO. Palestinian sources admit their arsenal of new T-55 tanks, Katyusha rockets and 140-mm cannons has added significantly to their military effectiveness. Indeed, the Israelis see the PLO terroring Israel's disparate collection of small, uncoordinated units into a coherent fighting force. It is wiser, in their view, to strike pre-emptively.

Jerusalem also feels that efforts to establish—however regrettable—do not alter the political equation. Arafat's role in the agreement is just a diplomatic nicety. Whether the Reagan administration will now openly invite Arafat's participation in the peace process, without requiring prior recognition of Israel, is uncertain. But the White House is seeking to promote its anti-Soviet consensus in the region. It is also seeking ways to move beyond the rhetoric of the Camp David accords toward genuine Palestinian autonomy. It would not be at all surprising if it eventually concluded that both objectives, as well as a more durable peace, might be served by bringing the Palestinians into the game.

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Arafat announcing ceasefire pacting

Jerusalem that Begins now wishes to impress on the Palestinians

The Israeli cabinet, dominated by three determined hard-liners (Begins, Defense Minister-designate Ariel Sharon and Chief of Staff Rafael Eitan) also may have wanted to provoke Syria into the fray, then proving a reasonable way for deposing the Syrian tank mania in southern Lebanon. Conceivably, dealing firmly with the PLO now may make it easier for Begins to sell domestically any measures he may be forced to make later, as the Palestinians among Iraqis progress. Conceivably, too, the raid was Begins's straightforward message that he will not take orders from U.S. Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger.

But if recent operations were a military success, and the PLO denies that, they were also a political miscalculation. The Beirut raid strained American-Israeli relations, angered some of Israel's closest friends in Congress

(whose support will be needed to block the sale of advanced missile planes to Saudi Arabia) and alienated elements of the American Jewish community. Arafat's move, Israel's U.S. ambassador, the late Norman Peaslee, said, was for with presidents of 37 Jewish organizations. Publicly, they defended the Israeli action, all the more, some are deeply troubled by Begins's policies. The ceasefire may restore equilibrium to the relationship. But many knowledgeable observers are skeptical. Inevitably, it is said, the truce will collapse. When it does, there will be further raids on Beirut and renewed criticism in Washington.

While Israel continues to insist Ronald Reagan is a legal ruler, other influential voices carry no such emotional commitment. Weinberger and William Clark, deputy secretary of state, directed pointed criticism at Begins last week. This tactic is in the end more punishing and more onerous than the suspension of arms sales, for it threatens to turn American public opinion against the state of Israel. And that, for Reagan as well as Begins, would be a development of which to be profoundly wary.

With files from Rome. Editor in Jerusalem.

Italy

But the legacy lingers on

The scene last week was as curious and as disturbing as the event that caused it: an all-Catholic jury punning judgment on a mysterious, fantastically modern work. Milan at the Agos, the man who had stunned the world by trying to kill that most serene of figures, Pope John Paul II. But earlier it was the solemn and cynical defendant who was at least partially responsible for setting the tone of his trial. Prior behind his heavily guarded bullet-proof glass cage, Agos surprised the court by confessing his jurisdiction. He pointed out he had committed the crime in the independent state of the Vatican, and he threatened to start a hunger strike Dec. 30 if the Holy See did not assume responsibility for him.

The date seemed to have been chosen so arbitrarily that it immediately triggered speculation that Agos's 30-and-one-year-old was, in reality, a noted member of right-wing fringe groups as a case plan (Agos) emerged from a Turkish-Latvian Treaty of 1981, which gave the Vatican an independent permit. Before embarking, at the request of the Holy See, to prosecute crimes committed on Vatican territory, Agos's plan was rejected.

ish prison, where he was awaiting trial on murder charges, in November, 1979, with the help of sympathizers. But there was nothing to lose on the latest theories.

The self-confessed terrorist, sporting a new beard, also accused his captors of torturing him, complaining of "inhuman treatment and against prisoners in this democratic country," and ended his remarks by refusing to answer further questions. "For me, the trial is over. I thank you," he said, and from then on took no part in the proceedings, warning his procurator to remain in his cell in Rome's Rebibbia Prison.

The judge, Court President Giovanni Santapite, seemed unmoved by the performance—and by the later arguments of Pietro D'Onofrio, the court-appointed defense counsel, that the 30-



Agos and parent, along of parents

year-old would be killed rather showed signs of "paranoia, schizophrenia and pathological disturbance" which could be traced to a head injury as a child. D'Onofrio said the court was being unfair to Agos because it refused to allow him psychological tests and to consider diminished mental responsibility. "You can see from his statement in court that he was a normal person," he argued, in mitigation of the charges. Three events of attempted murder, on the Pope and two American women, and two lesser offenses.

As it turned out, Agos's presence in court would scarcely have helped him. Only the charges were given in Turkish as well as Italian. But the most disturbing aspect of the hurried three-day proceedings was the questioning of witnesses. 28 testified in less than two hours, a record even for an Italian court. Small wonder that the trial failed



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL POSNER

Genesis of an image

We briefed our designers: "We are proudly a Canadian company, nationwide, with important involvement in the United States and Britain. As we diversify further it will be in the communications area." The designers came up with the dynamic new corporate signature that will identify the many segments of the Maclean Hunter communications enterprise.

There are hundreds of different ways of knowing Maclean Hunter:

As a reader you may know us through Maclean's or The Financial Post or Chatelaine or Flare.

Your impression of us could be entirely different if you are in electronics, retailing, medicine or heavy construction. For instance, where you would be reached by one of our many-plus selective business publications. Or you might be part of the audience for a Maclean Hunter radio station, TV station or cable TV.

Maybe you are a sailor, a photographer, a sportsman reading one of our several special-interest magazines.

You may encounter our business forms in stores or restaurants, or attend a conference or a trade show we have organized.

To bring unity to the many interests of Maclean Hunter across Canada we charged our design people with the creation of a signature that will identify all facets of our organization.

Their solution was the signature at the bottom of the page. The corporate symbol integrates a number of design concepts:



Diversification is strongly implied by these multidirectional elements.



Communication is shown by movement interacting as input/output.



Organization is suggested by shapes expressing corporate structure - subunits forming a whole.

We sell ideas and services. Our more than 5,000 employees have made Maclean Hunter the successful communications enterprise that it is. It is fitting that two thirds of our employees are shareholders who benefit by our success in Canada and abroad.

Maclean Hunter is large. We are the most diversified communications company in Canada.

We intend to grow - so that more communications-related divisions will boost our aggressive new corporate signature.



Maclean Hunter

The presentation of an aggressive new image for the Maclean Hunter communications complex is shown on the drawing board of Canadian designers Gottschalk & Ash.



to establish Agn's motive, or whether he acted alone, as he claimed, or was part of a conspiracy. There was no clue either about how a man whose nationality ended in an interrupted alert had spent almost 18 months drifting through Europe on false passports, living at a rate of about \$100 a day and always staying one jump ahead of the law.

Instead, prosecutor Niccolò Agnelli focused on the gravity of the crime, comparing Agn with the assassins of Abraham Lincoln, Gandhi and the Kennedys—and there was genuine concern about the efficacy of the gunman in midweek, when John Paul made his first public appearance since his second hospitalization, more than a month ago, for a pre-taped TV address to a religious conference in Lourdes he was unable to attend. The pontiff appeared thin and frail—eyes sunken, back hunched almost painfully, left forearm still bandaged & subsequent medical failure from the Grenfell hospital only added to public concern the Pope would remain there for a second operation, to reverse an intestinal bypass, the fate for which would not yet be set.

Shortly after that announcement, the two judges and six jurors huddled over the sentence, spending an unexpected seven hours in the process. But in the end there were no surprise life imprisonment for the attempted murders, 10 years for the lesser charges, the latter commuted to one year's military confinement. So Agn disappeared from the public eye as swiftly as he arrived. It felt the ordeal of his return seemed certain to hold attention for a much longer span.

—HELEN WESTER



Pope John Paul II thin and frail



Rage of the United Nations: a campaign marred by violence on all sides

Iran

Rubber-stamped in violence

He once appeared bereft at the United Nations to show the world the scars left by the shah's crimes. But last week—after a campaign marred by violence on all sides—Iranian Prime Minister Mohammad Ali Rajvi was preparing to step forward confidently for investors in his country's second post-revolutionary project. After heavy voting at week's end, Rajvi emerged from the fold of four candidates to take the prize.

His victory had scarcely seemed in doubt from the first. Heavily was the tide dry on the Majlis (Parliament) under duress from its predecessor, Abdolhossein Bani-Sadr, now believed to be in hiding somewhere in Iran. Then Rajvi, though not officially a member, was restoring the momentum of the ill-powered Islamic Revolutionary Party (IRP) and, in the abandonment of obscure unfamiliarity with the activities of post-shah Iranian politics, that of his opponents for the job, who nevertheless continued to pursue their campaign. So Rajvi's vote seemed little more than a formality before the 47-year-old former math teacher from the provincial town of Qazvin assumed his country's highest secular office.

An active opponent of the shah—he served four years in jail before the shah's ouster in 1979—Rajvi has risked to face in the intervening months the suspected active member of education in the "moderate" Bani-Sadr government in September, 1979, he was elected prime minister by the Majlis less than a year later, after elections that had seen the fundamentalist IRP gain a strong majority. His election was achieved de-

spite forthright opposition from Bani-Sadr, which Rajvi later repaid with interest, waging a ruthless campaign with Ayatollah Mohammad Behabadi, killed recently with 72 other top luminaries in a bomb explosion at the party's headquarters, for Bani-Sadr's fall from power.

Since that event last June, Iran has been torn by violence. The IRP has carried out a ruthless purge of its opponents, mainly among the Mujahideen-in-Khalq, of which the leader is alleged to have been a member, resulting in more than 200 executions. For their part, the Mujahideen were widely believed to have been responsible for the weeklong last week of one of Bani-Sadr's rivals for the presidency, Abdolrahman Qasbi, and the assassination of a candidate to parallel parliamentary elections, Hajj-Ali Beyhaghi. Bani-Sadr's role in the assassination of the Mujahideen-in-Khalq is widely believed to have been a factor in his ouster. It is believed—though not yet proven—that he is still in Iran, and may even still be in the country, since the power vacuum left by Ayatollah Behabadi at the top of the IRP has yet to be filled—and could well produce a rival to the newly chosen president.

—IAN MATTHEWS

Thailand

A temporary stop on the go-go

There has never been any mystery about the main reasons why 1.8 million foreigners a year turn up in Bangkok. Thailand's third-biggest money centers—bars, nightclubs and massage parlors packed with lovely, compliant women. So it is with amazement that bar owners and tourist operators have watched a two-month-long operation by police against the country's night life. It's no crackdown on

crime," said a Patpong Road bar manager denouncing the government line last week. "It's just plain harassment, and it's bad for business and for Thailand."

Patpong Road is the center of entertainment in Bangkok, with 50 bars all along everything from darts to live shows, almost all of it built around the availability of smile-dead women. Now, under orders from Prime Minister Prem Tinsulanonda to crack criminals, police have revived long ignored martial law decrees on a four-hour afternoon closing period and a midnight drinking curfew. Many women have been hauled off for a night in jail for vagrancy or for trivial offenses such as wearing an employee's identification button on the right breast instead of the left.

The crackdown began when a new Thai chief of police ordered a pre-emptive strike against the country's active criminal fraternity. The prime minister

is going on strike: a pre-emptive strike.



is going on strike: a pre-emptive strike.

Police have pulled out the campaign and placed it in the hands of Prem's principal secretary, Chuanrich Srinawong, a staunch Buddhist. Chuanrich's actions life-one vegetarian meal a day, early to bed, mid-afternoon—may be a model for cardholders, but a major argument has developed over his view that criminals shelter in bars and nightclubs and that the crackdown will put them out of business. "His going to put me out of business," said a manager of Patpong's current "30" go-go bar, the Super Star. "I've got girls coming in the door every 10 minutes."

Two other tourist spots are suffering the same line of assault now—The Patpong Beach resort, 100 km south of Bangkok and the deep-south city of Hat Yai, where tourists from Islamic Malaysia drive in for a few hours of drinking and female companionship. The Patpong Beach "ramp" is a major B (for

bar) spot once popular with European tourists and sailors from the US. Seventh Fleet, whose ships put in for rest and recreation. Suggests was the moment there at official interference that an estimated 5000 girls threatened in one point to march toward Bangkok's government house. The protest never got off the ground. However, a more serious challenge to the favorite tactic of police—arresting women in groups on vagrancy charges—may come shortly. A woman arrested, outraged by the practice, recently persuaded two girls from good families to mingle with the B-girls. As expected, they were arrested and have offered to fight the charges rather than pay the usual \$15 fine.

Goat's warfare in the courts, however, is not thought likely to discourage officials. A far more potent argument, by the crime agent, will be the status of the real Thai tourist season in late autumn. By that time, the press is the best way to be off.

—ALAN DAVIES



Canada's Rogers: 'we want results'

he addressed this week until October—with the prospects of East and West reaching second place soon over.

The conference's main purpose was to move a full-scale of the plagues, chiefly on human rights and disarmament, made at Helsinki in 1975. But that was before the Eastern Bloc crackdown on dissidents, before Afghanistan, before Poland. The Soviet Union has stood up on the issue of human rights and had more virtually made a proposal to hold a disarmament conference when it contained Western proposals for close checks on military activities, from the Atlantic to the Ural, with a vague proposal—described as "subsequent" by some Western delegates—for surveillance of the whole Atlantic and North America too. Said Canada's chief delegate, Susan Rogers: "The other side is not interested. We want results that nobody can wriggle out of."

The stalemate was typical of most of the proceedings. Debate has often been summation, sometimes leisure as when the British promoted the use of dots in transitive relations (nagging signposts to be filled in later) while the West wanted brackets (embracing wording that might or might not be adopted later). Little wonder the conference has been so long past its scheduled March deadline, causing problems for those of the 700 delegates who had been assigned new postage and who will now have to be replaced by fresh fronts. In October, says the weary Rogers, "I'll be knocking away some more." But time is running out. Spike wants the conference hall back. It is made in connection with an event that at least is promised to produce a result—the 1982 World Series Cup. —DAVID BAKER

Spain

Dots vs. brackets match postponed

Handling over exotic questions of punctuation, sustained by coffee and rhetoric, ended off from Madrid's thundering treaty by armed guards, troops from 33 European countries plus Canada and the United States—have been confirming in the Spanish capital for some months. Critics have suggested that for all the dogmatism of the Security and Co-operation Conference, delegates might as well have spent their time on the beaches or at the betting, and shortly may be doing just that. The talkative is to

The fate of the pensioners

Reagan's social security cuts create fears despite assurances to the 'truly needy'



Demonstrators at the Capitol: 'A lot of people will be eating less hamburger'

By William Lowther

They tried to keep cool by fanning each other with hand-lettered placards reading, HANDS OFF SOCIAL SECURITY or IT'S A PROGRAM FOR ALL SEASONS. They waved their arms and rattled their walkers as Sen. Edward Kennedy strode onto the steps at the West Front of the Capitol and roared out what they wanted to hear: "Social Security is the best program ever created in this country—and we intend to keep it that way," he said. But the 50,000 pensioners who braved Washington's stifling summer heat last week to protest against President Ronald Reagan's cuts might as well have stayed at home.

Although the House of Representatives took the opportunity to play politics and vote vague support for the principle, it was clear that the phenomenon known as "Reaganomics" is well on its way to achieving the first criterion—and they are substantial—in social security since the system became law in Roosevelt's New Deal 46 years ago. By week's end the Senate and House had agreed that as part of a \$37-billion package of budget cuts, the social security contribu-

tion benefit, \$22 a month, will be eliminated after next February. And the Social Security Subcommittee of the House ways and means committee began to work on a revision of the entire Social Security Act.

About three million people now receive the maximum benefit, which was established for retired people who did

Orlando Reagan, Vice-President Bush: 'Truly needy' will receive funds



not contribute enough during their working years (because they had such low paying jobs, were unemployed or disabled) to justify a payment that large. Reagan argues that the "truly needy" among those who will be cut off next year will get funds from welfare agencies, and that others receiving the benefits already have private pensions on which they are living comfortably. He refuses to save a billion to deal with the cuts. But one Democratic congressman, Dan Rostenkowski of Illinois, said the likelihood of a great many would be affected. "I'd people would be forced to move in with their children or apply for public housing and food stamps simply to go on living."

The old-age minimum wasn't the only benefit to suffer last week. Congress also agreed to increase to \$25 from \$20 the initial amount Medicare patients must pay before the federal government picks up a hospital bill. This will save \$55 billion next year. By 1984, Medicare patients will have to pay \$425, saving \$550 million. In addition, the food stamp program will be limited to households with a gross monthly income at or below 130 per cent (i.e. \$813.50) of the federally defined poverty level, which is \$562.50 a year for a family of four. It is not yet certain how many people will be affected. But as Congressman Sam Gibbons, a Florida Democrat, put it: "A lot of poor people will be eating less hamburger and more beans."

Reagan may go on TV this week to explain his cuts—in the grounds that the social security system will go bankrupt if they are not made. But if Con-

gress accepts this message—it is set to swallow still further cuts in retirement and disability benefits—the signs are that a growing constituency is opposing them. While the axe was falling on Capitol Hill, National Urban League President Vernon Jordan and winning 4,000 delegates of a "clear and present danger" to blacks as well as the poor. Rod Jordan: "We have been given the incredible assertion that the budget cuts hit all sections of the population, that while the working poor lose their food stamps, big money companies lose their symbols. The energy companies will survive their loss. I wonder whether the poor will."

Time runs out for 'The Star'

The rumors had been swirling for months, but Time Inc.'s decision last week to close this 120-year-old evening newspaper subsidiary, the Washington Star, still came as a shock to its 1,427 employees, as well as to outsiders who have watched uneasily the steady shrinkage in the numbers of North American daily newspapers. The paper is destined to shut on Aug. 7 and has a rescue in attempted, an unlikely event by most reckoning, leaving the U.S. capital with the unenviable distinction of being the country's largest city with only one daily. As for the overall decline, the American Newspaper Publishers Association last week said that there were now only 58 cities with competing dailies, compared with 283 in 1950.

The Time Inc. announcement could have appeared as guard. Most employees



Maxine Maltz, David Davidson, Ralph P. Shepley: diverging views about a pilot

learned of the closure on early morning newsstands, and the first edition of the paper itself carried an statement. The news was given by President and Chief Executive J. Maxwell Maltz, flanked by board chairman Ralph P. Davidson, Time Inc., and James T. Shepley, The Star, who told a news conference: "This is a sad day for all of us who had tried our hardest to make The Star successful." But there were diverging views about whether Time Inc. had lived up to its pledge, as taking over the paper more than three years ago. Some staffers recalled that Time Inc. had questioned to keep The Star going for five years, while Maltz—who claimed that in the past 45 months the paper had lost \$36 million (U.S.) after taxes—maintained that the commitment had been to spend \$60 million over five years. "We have spent \$65 million and we think we've kept our word," he said.

Hopes of saving The Star were put on the last-minute appearance of a senior Republican last week centered on Australian tycoon Rupert Murdoch, who earlier this year stepped in to save The

Times of London, in that role. But Murdoch, who owns the national tabloid weekly Star and the New York Post, was known to have concluded, like the Washington Star's morning rival, the Post, that the capital lacks sufficient transit outlets to ensure a competitors' paper success. Also, as Washington newspaper analyst John Martin noted in an interview in no case has a rescue attempt succeeded when a morning paper has achieved domination over an afternoon rival. In the case of the Post and Star the weekly figures were \$84,000 and \$83,000 respectively, and \$20,000 to \$26,000 on Sundays.

At week's end empty champagne bottles littered the filing cabinets and the bulletin board was covered with job offers from other publications. The problem was that many Star employees were veterans and faced serious pension transfer difficulties. As White House correspondent Joseph G. ... 48 years with the paper, put it: "When I came in that morning I saw the TV cameras and thought someone had been here. Now I know that many have been."

—W.L.

The gentle act of murder

A New Yorker walked down Second Avenue with their Sunday New York Times tucked under their arm, they probably didn't notice the stain on the sidewalk outside the Ben-Ben, a 24-hour restaurant. It was barely noticed for the East Village, piled with refuse and debris and sandwiched between the Bovey and the crime-ridden slums of Avenue A, R, C and D. At about 5:30 a.m. on July 29, a man had stabbed a 25-year-old waiter, Richard Abbott, outside the Ben-Ben after an argument over toilet facilities. Richardson, aren't outside, either. However, those who read a lengthy review in that day's Times of *In the Belly of the Beast*, a collection of prison letters by Jack Henry Abbott, as it have



Abbott (left) Maltz: crushing irony

felt the crushing irony later, when it was announced that the man being sought for the murder was none other than the author, whose prison had been described as "penetrating" and "kindling."

Abbott, 37, was released from a Utah prison a month ago, helped by best-selling author Norman Mailer, who met

him while researching *The Executioner's Song*, his book about Gary Gilmore, the convicted murderer who fought a successful court battle in January, 1977, for the right to die in the electric chair. Prior to the Second Avenue slaying, Abbott, who had spent all but six months of his adult life in jail, was staying at a halfway house on a work-release program as Mailer's research assistant.

Not surprisingly, Mailer wasn't talking to reporters last week. However, Scott MacVittie, literary agent for both Mailer and Abbott, described the wanted man as "a very gentle, sophisticated person—the opposite of what he is accused of being." That quote, too, had an ironic ring. In his book, Abbott described killing a fellow inmate: "You can feel his life crumbling through the knife in your hand." It almost overcame you, the gentleness, at the center of a course act of murder," he wrote.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



"If it means pulling hair, gouging eyes or delivering knees in the groin, then I'm sworn! I'd be happy to die my way in the ink," says *snitch*/from Toronto-born beauty **Lanana Lane**. That's exactly what she gets to do in *All the Marbles*, a \$10-million comedy starring **Peter Onor** as the needy manager of female tap-dance revolvers. After leading the party, London and co-star, dancer **Vicky Presnahan**, were sent off to a wrestling school to get a grip on the business. London, 23, admits, "I'd never wrestled before—except with men."

A wee, Ottawa's talking elevator, fused out sometimes it's what you can get that gets you in the meat trouble. The Electronic Voice Answerer is on trial in the federal government's seven-story Chabris Tupper building on Heron Road, answering when the doors are closing and at which floor she intends to stop. The system, designed as an aid to the blind, got a rough first-week ride when it was noted that EVA only spoke English. "Someone thought if she were providing a government service she would have to be bilingual," explains **Mary Brown**, president of EVA Corp. Although the Official Languages Act doesn't cover machines, he's applying for a federal research and development grant to give EVA a French version course.

Dominique Dufour, the 29-year-old model from Laval, Que., who came within a gasp of winning the Miss Universe contest in New York last week, seemed content with one of her consolation prizes—a telephone call from **Pierre Trudeau**. Taking time out from

around on the album gloriously "attacking—with humor—just about everything you've ever seen before," from **Dennis Weaver's** defiant TV show, **McLeod**, to **Friday** the 13th (both parts). Audiences will have to wait to find out who-dun-it, but **Smother** says that the movie, who escaped from the mental institution is not the only suspect. As for Rob, his role can only be described as a "not-so-faithful companion."

Dennis Fries tried in the 1932 movie *Lonely Song the River*, but musicians who were accompanying the late **Billie Holiday** and critics who remember her agree that in the 22 years since her death the voice closest to the original notes from while Peterborough, Ont., born jazz singer **Big Sister** **Capitol** on **Holiday's** name by using some of her

London and co-star **Frederick** (at left) *Y'd be happy to close my way to the top*



Smother and the "not-so-faithful" **Rob Dufour** comes within a gasp (below)



sage of a new album, *Reconstruction*, **Steel** insists the identical phrasing is unimportant. When people first began to compare her to **Holiday**, **Steel** was a child of 8 who "thought the 'Bills' they were talking about was a guy." When she found out differently 10 years ago, **Steel** says, "The first thing I noticed was that **Holiday** sounded a lot like me." Either way, an offer has been made to take **Holiday** across Canada in the form of a new play, and **Steel** isn't one to back the inevitable. "I tried to do other things, but I was always forced in this direction," she says. "It was the will of God."

One-time Hollywood beauty **Ann Hayworth**, 68, was ruled unfit to look after her own affairs by Los Angeles, Calif., Superior Court Judge **Russell Swartz** who last week ordered that she be placed under the guardianship of her 31-year-old daughter, **Yan**, who **Kwan** played from the age of 6, the



Her Steel says like
Steel **Hayworth** with daughter **Kwan**—a heart of gold



former **Margaretta Carmen** **Carmen** starred in such films as *Dante's Inferno* when she was just 17 and in the 1986 movie *Girls* performed her trademark role as the temperamental redhead with a heart of gold. Although **Hayworth** last starred in a film in 1973, her lawyer and business manager, **Leonard Moore**, recently disclosed that her chest has been suffering from Alzheimer's disease (presumed dementia) for some years. Eighteen months ago **Hayworth** sustained up her life by saying, "I've made some mistakes, but I have no regrets."

Even in his wildest dreams, **Shuk** **Abraham** **David Yarnitzky**, the Saudi Arabian oil millionaire who heads OPEC, his probably never mentioned selling oil at \$6.65 a barrel. But that's what two young Calgary partners, **Toni Hoyer**, 35, and **John McRie**, 35, are doing with Alberta crude, capped and labelled like wine. Their company, **Tanuk Mar-**

keting, offers one "imported" and two "domestic" mortgages, with the fanciest titles *Turner Valley* mortgage 1984, *Boile* 1985 and *South Anishan* Light 1972. Their wives have been selling as well in Edmonton and Calgary, but the pair is now establishing distributorships in Toronto and Vancouver. A single barrel of oil yields about 300 bottles. At \$2.55 each, that's worth \$2,555 a barrel, high even for Yarnitzky.

While the country's bookshelves were loaded in such volumes as "Picks and Chops Bookkeeping: Robert the Computer Age," 64-year-old lawyer-turned-novelist **William Bennett** floated into the annual Canadian Bookellers Association convention in Vancouver last week to preview his new thriller, *High Crimes*. The fictional account of a \$200-million pot hunt, due for September publication, is Bennett's follow-up to *Needles*, the other gory tale of herein

smuggling in Vancouver which has sold a quarter of a million copies since it was the *First Novel Award* in 1979. **High Crimes**, which the author stresses "is a lot less violent," is set in Newfoundland with a homicide hero who "has a dream that he's a reformed **James Bond**," struggling deep to raise money for the apartment. "Twenty per cent of it is made up," Bennett says, "but there is that underlying basis of truth. One of the lawyers in *High Crimes* is a complete crook. My brothers in the legal profession won't be happy."

For most people, the trick is to get enough water into the tub to take a bath, but for 26-year-old **Gary Deathridge**, it was not being able to get enough hot out of the water that led him last week's 15th annual *Man-of-the-Year* award. Leaving 98 of the 120 swimmers in the water, the winner, the McBurnie, Australia, mechanical engineer and two-time race winner finished the 15-km swimming in one hour, 10 minutes and 30 seconds. Race Commentator **Rob Patterson** disagreed him on the grounds that less than 60 per cent of his craft was "substantially mobile and unobstructed" as required and gave the victory to Victoria's **Steve Keshaw**, 25, whose time was nearly 20 minutes slower. Being scribbled just didn't wash with **Deathridge**. "I don't think any of the other tubs in the top five were legal," he stated. "They decided they would like a Canadian to win, so they found a way to disqualify me."

There he was last month, former Newfoundland premier **Frank Moores**, busy planting a *Libertarian's* forestry, about a decade before near the tiny town of Rigolet, Nfld., 300 km northwest of the province's forest resources and lands department in Goose Bay, where his personal application was still being processed. Because a forest can be used for mining, constructing and engineering all of the province's salmon rivers, **Moores** had little chance of permit approval (even though he neglected to mention his fishing interests in the application). So when Rigolet townfolk watched a large pile of lumber being unloaded at their community dock and then unceremoniously airlifted away, they knew it wasn't his building a *Libertarian's* Forest Resources and Lands has sent **Moores** a letter telling him that if the cabin is his, he has until Aug. 10 to remove all traces of construction. But the area has been under the way of knowing if he has received the director's *Act Assistant Deputy Minister Kenneth Kuzniarski*. "The letter's in the mail."

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

Only 42 years in the waiting

Winning the Commonwealth title was easy — the real fight was with the British

By Michael Chagoss

During the five minutes and 40 seconds of fighting the challenger looked frightened, he stumbled and his job was gone—but for a very good reason. No one in the Halifax crowd last Tuesday night knew that two of George Nelson's ribs were crushed, smashed by a punch early in the opening round of his fight with Canadian heavyweight and two-time Canadian champion Trevor Berbick. The true Nelson was knocked to the mat in the second round and the referee stopped the fight, the 6,000 fans at the Metro Centre had good reason to share the opinion of World Boxing Council champion Larry Holmes—that Berbick "is the strongest man I've ever faced."

But for Berbick and his manager, Halflin Lawyer Don Kerr, last week's fight was simply the first round of a long, wearying battle with a band of passionate British bureaucrats who had guarded the Commonwealth title as if it were some rare national treasure. "It's been 42 years since a non-British has even had a chance to challenge for the Commonwealth title," says Kerr. "George Chuvalo [the former Canadian champion] was No. 1 in the Commonwealth for at least 10 years and wanted the title desperately, but never got a shot at it." Berbick, a Jamaican-Canadian with a strong sense of the British connection, also wanted the title badly.

But about three years ago Kerr began a long-range battle with the British Boxing Board of Control's Commonwealth Championships Committee and won a title fight. The system calls for heavyweight contenders from the Commonwealth to be listed twice a year by the board. A champion must defend his title every six months but is allowed to choose his opponent from the list. It's not surprising that nobody chose to fight with Chuvalo, who was never knocked off his feet in a 33-year career. But the practice has been that if the Commonwealth title is held by the British champion, it can be defended in a British championship fight. In other words, if he doesn't like the look of the Commonwealth contender, the British champ can arrange a fight with any other heavyweight who



Berbick (left) gave Nelson early on. Before the last two-round fight

is then arbitrarily added to the list. "They made it impossible for a foreigner to win," says Ron Winston, the Canadian representative on the British board.

Kerr withdrew slowly at the odds last year, first by persuading the board to abandon that restrictive clause toward British fighters. Then he went to work on the Commonwealth contenders list, which named only Berbick and the African champion, Ngonko Khawane. Figuring that the title-holding Englishman John Gardner would choose to fight the weaker Khawane, Kerr signed Khawane for a fight in Canada. As expected, Berbick knocked Khawane out, leaving only the Canadian on the challengers list. Gardner refused to fight Berbick and was stripped of his title, but then the board refused to nominate an opponent for Berbick. There were no worthy opponents, they said, so the title must remain vacant. "We must choose him about that," recalls Kerr.

The big guns came out when Murray Stoop, the president of the Canadian Federation, went to England and said

to the board, "You're supposed to stand on this for years, and I'm not going home without a decision." His own threatened to withdraw the Canadian Federation from the championship committee unless a fight was arranged.

Finally, the board allowed that a Canadian championship fight between Berbick and Nelson (the No. 1 Canadian contender) would count as a Commonwealth title bout, and so the issue was set for last week's match. Berbick, a 37-year-old inbred immigrant who came to Canada shortly before the 1976 Olympics, had fought twice in Canada as the Canadian champion, neither fight lasting past the first round. For Nelson, 34, it was only the 18th fight of his professional career, but he is one of the world's top kick boxers. He was seen as a credible opponent who could beat Berbick on points. "But sometimes the ideal match on paper doesn't turn out to be such a great fight," commented former Canadian welterweight champion Clyde Gray, on a stretcher as wheeled into Nelson's locker room to carry him off to the hospital.

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have been skeptical for years of Borek's ability, since he has missed some startling duels along with his victories. But in April he landed a creditable 15 rounds with Borek, and that seems to have been the divider. The punch heading as his man's shoulders after the fight, Borek burst out from behind a crowd line. "My brother is with me," he chanted, and led the parade of well-wishers to his dressing room. ♦

Record prices for the father's sons

Though no one could have predicted the events of the next two days, a glaze across the roof at the Kentucky, Ky., airport last Monday might have indicated that this was not going to be just another horse auction. Parked amid the usual complement of executive jets was a Boeing 727, the personal conveyance of Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum of Dubai.

Shortly after the bidding began, Joe Thomas, vice president of E.P. Taylor's Wildfords Farm of Ontario, Ont., could hardly, "Apparently, for the superstars, there is no limit." Last year's Borek at Kersland seemed to be respectable—\$7.5 million, paid by agents for Greek shipping magnate Stavros Niarchos for a yearling colt, \$2 million for a broodmare, Street Dancer, setting a record price for a thoroughbred of any age, and \$600,000 for a filly. But last week new records were set on bidding for a dozen of E.P. Taylor's progeny. The three, in particular, that evoked most interest are the progeny of Northern Dancer, the little Canadian colt that won the 1964 Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Queen's Plate.

E.P. Taylor (now 80) is able to afford the auction due to ill health. First offered yearlings in 1954 and sold off for \$31,000. By 1963 Taylor had sold 241 yearlings, at prices he set, for a total of \$5,191,450. (Since then they have been offered at auction.) In 1962 when Northern Dancer, the reason for all last week's rowdiness of family, was offered for \$25,000, as one was later.

When the auctioneer's gavel fell Monday night a colt by Northern Dancer out of mare South Ocean brought \$3.5 million. Moments later another Northern Dancer colt, this one out of mare Street Alliance, brought \$3.1 million. Sheikh Maktoum had been outbid for the first horse, by an agent for British bookmaking chain owner Robert Sangster, but managed to take the second. Less than an hour later another colt by Northern Dancer brought \$2,550,000 from agents acting for Stavros Niarchos, who fol-



The \$3.5-million colt, there is no limit

lowed up by paying a record \$1 million for a filly.

In two days 369 horses were sold for \$62.3 million, a record \$10,600,000 of that for 12 Taylor-breds. It was sweet vindication for Taylor who jokes age, said derision, had told Katsukawa, "Some day I'll bring Canadian-breds down here that will make you wonder what hit you." Northern Dancer, now 20, commands a stud fee of up to \$500,000. He has bred with 46 mares this year, for fees of about \$4 million, and everyone is interested.

—HAL QUINN

A heated scrum off the field

Inside the park two rugby teams slugged it out on a field that only years before had been littered with broken glass by demonstrators who had smashed through police barriers. Outside, the crowd of more than 400 protesters scurried with police, chasing

Police restrain riotous 'local boy'



"One, two, three, four, we don't want your racist law," Terry Gibson, New Zealand (pop. 3,000,000), had never seen anything like it.

Even a police warning that there might be chemical bombardment from the air by protesters didn't deter the thousands of rugby supporters who packed New Zealand's rugby park to watch the opening match with the Springboks, in the first test by any South African team of New Zealand in 16 years. Despite the protests and division in the country over the issue, Prime Minister Robert Muldoon remained adamant.

Clipping his 1978 election pledge that sportsmen make their own decisions about when they play, Muldoon has been passing the issue of human freedoms and has counterattacked criticism by black African nations with worse records in human rights than New Zealand. The black Africans (New Zealand has boycotted the Montreal Olympics because a New Zealand team had recently toured South Africa) point to Muldoon's signature to the 1977 Olympic agreement, which commits all Commonwealth governments to "take every practical step to discourage" sporting contacts with South Africa.

Commonwealth premiership on New Zealand occurred on the Commonwealth Games riotous' meeting, due to be held in Auckland in September, was transferred to the Bahamas, and a tour by New Zealand cricketers to the West Indies cancelled at the request of Jamaica and Guyana.

Before the Springboks match last Saturday in Harare, the country's fourth-largest city, one policeman said "Gibson was small. You can't see nothing yet."

Events proved him right. The match was called off after demonstrators burst onto the pitch and a stolen light plane threatened to crash among the 38,000 spectators. And as rioters multiplied — a small bomb exploded during a demonstration at Christchurch airport — police ordered recommending the tour be abandoned.

—JOHN MULLINGTON

BUSINESS

Unfunny money

With the dollar down and rates up, signs are grim

It may well signal even darker days to come for the Canadian economy. Last week, as the U.S. government's interest rate policy continued to deal crippling blows to the free world's economy, the Canadian dollar fell to 82.24 cents (U.S.), its lowest level since 1932. And last Thursday, it took a hefty interest rate hike of more than eight-tenths of one per cent by the Bank of Canada, creating a record charged bank prime rate of 10 per cent—to shore up the battered Canadian currency above the 82-cent mark. It was the first interest rate hike in seven weeks—and the first presentation of the 10-per-cent mark—and said hopes that the worst news are over.

The dollar's decline began last Monday, as U.S. banks raised their prime rate—the very day world economic and political leaders meeting at the Ottawa summit failed to convince U.S. President Ronald Reagan to abandon high

interest rates as a means of fighting inflation. But the blame is derisive, too, argues Angus Stewart, chief economist of Toronto's Dominion Securities. He blames the dollar's demise largely on political disputes within Canada over which the country does have control. Smart and others also several factors: the shift of capital out of Canadian oil stocks by foreign investors, the outflow of Canadian dollars to patrician foreign-owned companies and the continuing lack of an energy pricing policy agreement.

It is a view shared by the Chicago Mercantile Exchange (CME), North America's fixed-settling money trading center, where patience regarding an oil price settlement ended last week. An labor strikes and \$6.5 billion (U.S.) in credit to finance Canadian take-overs of American companies were added to 12.9-per-cent inflation, confidence in the Canadian currency broke, say CME

Bank lowers in Toronto: "The Canadian dollar is overvalued at 82 cents"



traders. The worst may be yet to come as the CME's skyrocketing could push the dollar down to 80 cents or lower later this year. "As far as I'm concerned, it's overvalued at 82 cents. Twenty-five cents would be more realistic," says one Hage of Montreal-based Norbit Thomson Group.

Presidents are no more hesitating for Canadian businessmen or consumers as the higher interest rates necessary to protect the Canadian dollar will only add to inflation, cutting purchasing power and cutting sales. The federal government, during last week's summit conference, seemed more than ready to point to international reasons for Canada's economic misery. Yet as the dollar took its new drive later in the week, economists, opposition parties and labor union officials called it overdone. The federal government for its narrow monetarist stance. But the core, as Finance Minister Allan Rockland hinted last week during Parliament's summer recess, may make the disease seem a little still higher interest rates and a painful tax increase in the forthcoming fall budget.

The fact that the Canadian dollar is actually falling relatively well against European currencies may be only a temporary respite. If Canada doesn't straighten out its energy programs and labor union and improve its international image, the dollar may go the way of the shaggy lion. —DAVID COVATTA

A matter of eating and being eaten

Among dozens of corporate take-over bids just as apt to fail as to succeed, this one seems to have a winner edge. It has shown a distinct melancholy dimension in which the economy has suddenly become the unavoidable. Whatever the outcome of the renewed push by Brascan Ltd. to take control of Noranda Mines Ltd., Brascan's new bid, announced last week, will almost certainly precipitate a chain of events that will result in the ultimate take-over of Noranda—by someone. In the end, Canada's widely held diversified resources company will almost certainly lose its independence, and—just as it has grabbed up many smaller companies in its own corporate evolution—will be run by a controlling shareholder of its own. "The new Brascan move may be only the beginning," says a somewhat hopeful Al Povis, Noranda's chairman. "Whatever happens from here, I think we can profit that things will not be the same. Somebody is going to end up in control of Noranda."

What makes the current Brascan bid different from previous all-Canadian at-



tempt to grow it. Noranda's fault is that this can neither be stopped nor kept aside. After heading for nearly two years following the crash it received from Noranda directors when it became Noranda's largest single shareholder in October, 1979, Branson has plotted its move this time to make sure Noranda gets the message "We put them in the corridors, we ride with them in the same elevator, we meet them at the same cocktail parties," says a senior Branson official, describing Noranda officials sharing the same Toronto office tower. "But every day we ever got from them is that they don't want to talk to me. Maybe this will persuade them to talk."

What Branson has done is to augment its own clout as a Noranda shareholder by shipping with the Montreal-based Caisse de Depot et Placement to create a single giant pool of 25 million shares, or 32 per cent of the total equity of that company—called Branson Resources Inc.—will make a further bid to buy additional Noranda shares at \$88.25 a share to bring its total holding to 39 per cent, and effective control, at a cost of \$600 million. "It's hardly a generous offer for what amounts to control over Canada's premier resources company," says mining analyst Patrick Marc of Alfred Barringer. "But the point is that it will be accepted by enough shareholders to succeed—unless a higher bidder bids more along, as we all expect it will."

The painful question that must be nagging Noranda directors this week is whether the whole thing could have been avoided by moving earlier to placate Branson by offering a couple of seats on the Noranda board. Some may feel Noranda gained its rocky straddles one step too far by returning stock even following Branson's purchase in June of a block of 8.8 million Noranda shares on the open market. "Noranda wouldn't even offer its largest shareholder a seat on the board," says Branson Executive Vice-President Jack Gidyczewski. "If Branson had only come and asked us last month," eastern Points, "we would almost certainly have

Branson president Trevor Eylon (left), newly meeting in corridors, elevators

invited them to join the board." That's just the latest in a history of posturing and bad feeling between the two companies that has resulted during the past two years in some of the most bitter corporate jousting on Bay Street. Now the fight has moved on from a desire for a couple of seats to a claim on an entire kingdom. —ANTHONY WHITTENHAM

Casting aspersions

It was hard to miss the irony last week when a congressional committee in the U.S.—the land of free enterprise and the house of deregulation—approved a measure designed to reach outside the U.S. border and tame a free-wheeling member of the Montreal shipping establishment who is outmaneuvering its U.S. competition. The new U.S. bill, named after New York state Congressman Martin Blago, would make it mandatory for companies handling cargo originating from or bound for the U.S. to post their rates with the U.S. Maritime Commission and to abide by all the other provisions in the 1934

C.S. Shipping Act. The reason? U.S. ports along the eastern seaboard claim they are losing \$800 million worth of business every year because of interest competition and price-cutting north of the border.

The real rub will be hitting East North America Ltd., the Montreal-based container shipping company owned by private investors with an 18-per cent holding by Canadian National. East works outside the established shipping rate structure in North America by offering what it refers to as "flexible" rates to its customers. What is flexible for East, however, is seen as "a threat to the competitive structure" by the U.S. Maritime Commission. The bill, introduced by Sen. J. Bennett Johnston, the Baltimore-based lobbyist for the East, must American shipping interests. Johnston states that East consistently uses a shroud of secrecy and sliding rates to undercut American cargo handlers who are forced to post their rates and charge the same prices to their big and small customers. "Trying to compete with East," Johnston complains, "is like trying to stab a shadow."

For its part, in a 12-page brief submitted to the congressional committee, East points out that, while it was true eastern U.S. ports lost 61,000 containers to Canadian ports in 1980, that loss was almost offset by the 50,000 container surplus American west coast ports scored over Canadian in Pacific cargo.

In deference to the Reagan administration's reputation for being swayed by huge corporate interests, East also used last week's hearings to show that it had bigger U.S. corporate friends than the cargo handlers. While supporters of the protectionist legislation were calling American longshoremen and harbor masters to describe East's job and business-stealing tactics, the Canadian company was reaching letters, supporting its Freddie Laker-style shipping service from U.S. companies such as Ford and Olin Chemicals. Free enterprise lives—even in Canada.

—PETER McFARLANE



Congressman Blago, East port battles shipping's shadow

RELIGION

Evangelical comics prove unfunny

Comics vilifying the Catholic Church are under investigation in Ontario as hate literature

By Victor Paddy

Religion is an overrated leather chair, one black voice asserting humorously. Rev. Brad McMurtry points to his desk and his leisurely letter, which over the next few weeks may provide more of a throne than he ever hoped for. The dispatch sent to the attorney-general of Ontario, Roy McMurtry, is May points to an unlikely source of possible hate literature—two "Christian" comic books. McMurtry, communications director of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toronto, is said after receiving several complaints about the booklets. Part of a 12-volume series called *The Crusader*, they deliver in hand illustrations a decidedly anti-Catholic attack appealing to a widely held evangelical belief that the Catholic Church strays from the gospel. Though the comic strips have received little media study by McMurtry's department, so other prelates have touched the unholy mass.

Several of the claims made in the two most virulent episodes—*Alberts* (available in Canada since 1979) and *Double Cross* (a 1981 issue)—attack a supposed child imagination with religious overtones. For 30 years a lack reason found the exploits of psychologically unstable, largely homosexual Roman Catholic priests depicted on home and a Protestant patron. Aiding them is a tribe of devilish, self-flagellating men. "Liberious," "beautiful" Catholic girls and "Liberious" Catholic boys employ sex to ruin Protestant mothers—all under Rome's abiding command.

McMurtry has already restated the opinion that the "sensational" publications appear to be breaking hate literature laws. But oversteering whether the books promote hatred rather than misunderstanding is the formidable understating of John Doherty, director of Cross attorneys in Ontario. However, outwitting the booklets may require a "religious know-nothing," says Doherty, since ultimately he must verify the comic's claims.



Double Cross' excerpt: Mother Superior curses the interference of Protestant preacher, Alberta an evangelist attack

From the Catholic side, the reactions are only beginning to flare up. Rev. Peter Murphy, Ontario Catholic chaplain for the deaf, has discovered the comics are being disseminated to deaf children in the province. It's the invective, sexual and the outrageous that most concerns him. "Once [children] are hooked on these comics, it becomes what is almost a cult, a brainwashing," Rev. Ed Tenimone, an independent Toronto minister with a congregation of about 50 deaf men—agers, admits to seeing the *Crusader* series as a teaching aid.

The sole Canadian distributor of the booklets, Rev. Jim Neale, a minister and ordained gambler, says his Church is the answer evangelical group in east and Toronto. He and California publisher Jack Church would be obvious targets, says Tenimone, should the literature contravene the Criminal Code (in an

offense that could draw a two-year maximum prison sentence).

Check for his partisans that U.S. First Amendment protection stipulated one earlier attempt to prosecute him. And he is confident Ontario will also decline to press charges. "If Canada is not completely open to the Catholic and socialist world," But despite a conservative record, Ontario now has a somewhat actively dealing with hate literature.

Disregard of any fear of book burning is also building in Canada. Despite the controversial conclusion of the comics by Protestant churches and organizations, the Canadian Protestant League is slow to launch a counter-attack. The league, with a membership of 5,000 churches representing "practically all Protestant denominations," is reforming attendance in every province that the league will be acting. Crusader comes at its Beaufort, Ont., head office. "I'm sticking out my neck to make them available," says league General Secretary Jean Stangor. "Because our basic concern is freedom of expression." Meanwhile, Church is preoccupied with releasing a sequel to *Alberts*—one that portrays the assembly is controlled by Jews.

It's doubtful, though, that Canadians will look to the country's 270 Christian bookstores for Church's latest Catholic slanders. Public response to the comics has been muted. As for the authors, however, the reactions have been mixed. Cecil Rosenbaum, owner of the Bible Truth Supply at Corner Brook, Nfld., calls the comics "almost delirious." David Wilson, of Hamilton, Ont., and president of the Canadian Bookstore Association, keeps them "under the counter, so to speak," and believes many members no longer carry the series. A backlash against his business doesn't concern Neale. Flipping an occasional chopped-suck steak, he confesses, "McMurtry, the pope, they'll all stand before God in the end." Allegedly day far Neale is expected somewhat sooner. □

Coming to blows over drivers' rights

A legal battle rages over a simple test designed to keep drinking drivers from Canadian roads

By Fred Huxar

It started as the usual trivial traffic dispute. Robert Dedman, a 44-year-old Oakville, Ont., food wholesaler, was driving home from a spaghetti dinner with friends on the night of Feb. 4, 1989. Near Toronto police at a roadside checkpoint signalled him to stop, so he pulled his breath and asked to administer a breathalyzer test. When the police concluded that he wasn't blowing properly into the breathalyzer, they charged him with the criminal offence of failing to blow.

Since then the trivial traffic dispute has grown into a major legal war. Dedman became a test case, says his lawyer, Joseph Favaro, "because he wanted to know what his rights were." But it may still take a Supreme Court of Canada decision this fall before these rights are finally determined.

The Dedman case raises a significant and perplexing question: Do Canadian police have the power to stop motorists who are suspected of "driving while impaired by alcohol consumption"? Civil libertarians insist that random checks interfere with the liberty of law-abiding citizens, and that a basic common law presumption forbids the state to interfere in private affairs without at least some suspicion of wrongdoing. The presumption can be overturned by legislation, they maintain, but not by the police themselves. "If the police decide that they can stop

cars at random to check for alcohol," says Dedman's other counsel, Morris Manning, "why can't they decide to go into homes at random and look for illegal guns?"

Police defenders for their part argue that impaired driving kills more Canadians each year (an estimated 2,000 to 3,000 in 1988) than all other criminal offences combined, and that under the circumstances random checks are a perfectly reasonable police practice that should not be dragged through the courts. Says Dedman's prosecutor Murray Segal, "Drink driving is a criminal offence. Should the police wait until a driver starts weaving around the road, or introduce a simple breathalyzer test which takes almost no time?"

At issue is the legality of the program designed to administer that simple test. Ontario's Roadside Impaired



Quarterly Attack poster: 2,000 to 3,000 Canadians killed last year

Driving provincial court judge, in a surprise decision, held that police had no power to stop a motorist without any indication that an offence had been committed. On appeal, the Ontario High Court overturned the attachment last December, denouncing random checks as "arbitrary" and delivering a ringing call for the rights of law-abiding citizens "above reproach" to go about their own affairs in peace. Three lower court decisions were remarkable, however, as University of Western Ontario law Professor Robert Solomon says, they flew in the face of a 50-year trend in Canadian courts, where "the man in blue has almost never lost." The judgments aroused immediate notice in other provinces. Last fall, a driver in a British Columbia court based his argument on the Dedman decision, only to have a judge throw it out. But this January, in a Newfoundland case (currently under appeal), the Ontario court's judgment was applauded and an appeal was handed down.

May brought the most recent decision in the Dedman case—perhaps the most surprising of all. Turning that decision, the Ontario Court of Appeal reversed the earlier decision and reinforced police power to stop motorists at random,

but in a way that nullified even spot-check programs. Braving the fiscal-moral issue of police powers, the court held that the question of whether police had the right to stop Dedman was "material" because Dedman had alleged "voluntarily" when signalled "I have no idea what 'voluntary' means in this case," says Osgoode Hall law Professor Alan Grant. Neither did an Alberta provincial court, which on June 30 became the latest tribunal to hold that no provincial legislation gives police arbitrary power to stop drivers for alcohol checks. Says George Watson, defence lawyer in the Alberta action, "The court found that when a person with a pistol and a badge stops somebody, that's not a request, it's a demand."

The spite of cases has highlighted troubling questions regarding the effectiveness of spot checks. Recent studies show that portable breath-testing devices used in road checks are less than reliable. Five to seven per cent of drivers found by roadside breath tests to be legally impaired (when 80 ml of alcohol per 100 ml of blood turns out to be legally sound when taken to a police station and retested on more accurate equipment. Such systems also involve stopping many unimpaired drivers. In the first year of Ontario's 1986 program, police flagged 125,000 drivers, of whom 342 failed a breathalyzer test. On the other hand, says Addiction Research Foundation analyst Rodney Fyfe, police detect 80 times more impaired drivers with the system than without it. "I support it," he says emphatically. "It's the best system we've got for decreasing drinking-and-driving behavior."

Other jurisdictions have also grappled over the impaired driving issue. Neither the United States nor Britain has systematic alcohol spot checks, and courts in both countries have rejected against discretionary police powers. France's introduction in 1975 of alcohol, a roadside random check program, was followed by the creation of a populist opposition group, Auto-Defense, whose leader, a French neoinfarmer, deliberately ran into roadblocks and announced grandly that the system represented "an attack on the body of the driver." Sweden, Japan and Australia, on the other hand, passed legislative empowering discretionary police checks which have proven popular with the public and which have reduced alcohol-related driving fatalities.

In Canada the battle continues. Manning's agents in fact have to pay to use the Supreme Court. Segal, As for Robert Dedman, he intends to stick to proactively trivial traffic disputes from now on, according to his lawyer. "He thinks it's important, all right," says Favaro. "But that case is enough."



Lougin Yaffe: Ten years old, lived with family in basement of room. Mud floors, men waste, roof of grass. No income. No clean water. Little hope.

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PLAN 1989

Moving checks. Segal: are random police checks a reasonable response or a threat to law-abiding citizens?

Driving Everywhere (1988) program commenced in 1977 and suspended last December pending the results in Dedman. Alberta's Check Stop and British Columbia's CounterAttack (began in 1973 and 1977 respectively) all use similar methods. Highly visible patrol cars at roadside positions, officers often flag cars at their direction, check licenses and request breathalyzer tests whenever they detect a whiff of alcohol.

Dedman's challenge to the spot-check system began in May, 1989, when an On-



Curtailing a maddening disease

Researchers are looking for better ways to rid wildlife of rabies epidemics



Courtesy: rabies in domestic animals poses a direct health hazard to humans

By Jane Rogers

Dean Coulter's herd of 100 head was—worth a hefty \$10,000—each paid a good 10 years of calf graduation. So it was understandable that, this spring, he worried at the sickness of a one-year-old heifer he had raised from a calf. When the vet from nearby Moose Jaw, Sask., informed him the animal had been bitten by a rabid skunk, the farmer was shocked. Says he: "This was the first time in my 35 years of farming any of my livestock has had rabies." To keep the rest of his animals from contracting the disease, Coulter immediately quarantined his heifer. Three days later, she was dead.

While this was Coulter's first encounter with the disease, positive (or confirmed) cases of rabies among domestic and wild animals are on the rise in Canada—primarily in Ontario, although a small epidemic is now lingering in southeastern Alberta. Last year, one of an expected 9,225 cases across the country, 1,636 proved to be rabid. These rising numbers of diseased animals pose a direct health hazard to humans: a rabid nosing fox might infect a dog, which in turn might re-infect a human. In fact, more than 1,300 Canadians received post-exposure

vaccinations last year. Says Dr. Ross Singleton, of Agriculture Canada in Winnipeg: "We're inoculated with calls from people who are concerned about the problem." Underlying the general alarm is the real concern—how to control the outbreaks in the wildlife population. Ontario faces a unique challenge in rabies control. The province has the dubious honor of claiming the highest number of rabies cases in all of North America. The reason: it boasts Canada's largest population of feral and skunk, the most ubiquitous vectors of rabies. Last year, they accounted for a total of more than 1,000 positive cases. Until recently, total destruction of the affected species has been virtually the only way to curb rabies in the wildlife population (domestic animals, such as dogs, cats and livestock, can be vaccinated). But now, the Ontario Veterinary College and the University of Toronto and Camaghat Laboratories are developing the first oral vaccine in Canada for non-domestic animals. Depending on the results of current laboratory experiments, on-farm preliminary reports cite a 50-per-cent success rate—the researchers will receive permission from Agriculture Canada to conduct the first field

trial this fall. Trappers near Goderich, Ont., will capture a small number of foxes, researchers will then brand-fire the vaccine to them and tag them for a follow-up.

As recently as 40 years ago, rabies was practically unheard of in Canada, and then only in exotic wolves and foxes. But they began contaminating their southern relations, and the disease spread. The very word rabies conjures up grisly images of foaming mouths and convulsions. In essence, this disease occurs only in mammals and is caused by a virus that moves the body through a wound. Its incubation period can last up to nine months, but once ac-



Laboratory faces ubiquitous vectors

tested, it attacks the nervous system and then travels into the saliva. When a rabid animal bites, the saliva transmits the virus. Even after the sick animal dies, the disease can be passed on if a scavenger consumes the carcass.

The primary sources of human exposure to rabies are cats and dogs and, to a lesser extent, farm animals, all originally infected by diseased wildlife. But rabid non-domestic animals that wander into cities also jeopardize people. "We've had kids in Saskatchewan chase skunks," says Gary Waberski, a professor of veterinary pathology at the University of Saskatchewan, "that turned out to be rabid." Although the last confirmed case of rabies in a ho-

man occurred a decade ago (a rabid bat wounded a Saskatchewan boy who eventually survived), anyone exposed to rabies must be inoculated with an anti-rabies serum or risk death.

Controlling rabies in the wild is problematic because animals tend to migrate and their numbers fluctuate. In the early '50s, Alberta experienced a severe outbreak of rabies that Ontario is undergoing now. "There were several thousand cases of rabies among the wild and domestic animal population," says Joe Garbis, head of the pest control branch at Alberta's ministry of agriculture. "It was really a grim situation." When a case of rabies was reported—for example, in a coyote—a crew would destroy that species' local population within a five-kilometer radius. Then in the late '60s, a rabies outbreak in the skunk population prompted provincial authorities to set up a buffer zone along the Saskatchewan border to stop the overland movement of rabid animals. The program proved so successful that it still exists on today. The buffer zone was subsequently extended and now stretches 600 km long and 30 km wide along the Manitoba and Saskatchewan borders. "It's substantial," says Garbis, "but so is rabies."

Opponents of such a drastic measure argue that decimating an area's indigenous population causes ecological imbalances. What's more, they say, the population rebuilds so quickly that the process must be repeated often. "Most think depopulation is not a permanent solution," notes Dr. Ken Charlton, head of the rabies unit at Ontario's Animal Disease Research Institute. But Alberta does enjoy an enviable record: rabies reports only 90 cases of rabies in the past decade. Even its present outbreak is being methodically confined to the southwest corner of the province.

Alberta's progress would be jeopardized in Ontario because of its dense population of wild animal carriers. The only plausible solution left to researchers was to develop a vaccine. In this fall's field trial in successful, a large-scale vaccination program will occur next year. Says University of Toronto zoologist Jim Campbell, who is working on the vaccine: "We're aiming at maintaining at least 90 per cent of the fox population so that the remaining susceptible foxes will be protected." The vaccine will be hidden in hamburger bait (which successfully appealed to foxes) and skunk family is a test run last year and last year dropped into rural areas. Many experts on rabies control will be watching the Ontario program with keen interest. Says Charlton: "If the vaccine works, the rewards will be significant."

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Gone with the Wind: no sympathy for the whites

doored to that of his gun and his ability to shoot wild hogs. Maxine loses all status. For July will not let his former mistress join in the women's work of the village. The black women laugh at him and her 20-year-old white legs with their unsmiling ropes of various vices. "They looked different there," July assures his skeptical relatives. The children, having understood that their parents can no longer provide, go where the power is, slipping easily into black ways. "I caught Henry wiping his behind with a towel, this morning," says Maxine. When July apprehends them, they track on his dog, and when the gun discharges out of its hiding place, the females become aware that by having nothing they are nothing in this new scheme of things.

But Goodwin doesn't want us to feel the easy emotion that identification with these whites lost in the jungle would suggest—sympathy. He she makes sure that Bars and Maxine are never quite real. Their parts are cardboard constructions plucked out of the romance life of her old novels, they are liberal whites full of self-deceptions about the nature of their relationship to blacks. Their characters are first caught in a spider web, and July, the new July (sic), realizing that they have no hold on him, in the spider coming to eat them. Revealed as his eyes are the evanescent terms of their old relationship: "a contempt and humiliation that came from their blood and let a feeling brutally shared, one alone cannot experience it, be punished by it, without brother it did not exist before. Plumes detached Attitudes."

Goodwin's political language. In other novels, such as *Warner's Daughter*, has always been a crucial character, the one you need to know to be introduced to the rest. People learn by adopting various degrees of political euphe-

misms—the language of guilt, bearing, protest, Marston, arrears, the assets dignity of blacks. Political change was the property of the whites to give. Her characters existed in an ideological framework bound on a human rock, that all men are created equal. But, as Marston divides in the bank, The women need depended on solidarity with one's belief in the absolute nature of humane relationships between human beings. —The absolute nature and her kind were acropolis just in granting to everybody. What Goodwin is uncertain, in the white life's expectations, held in his own civilised democracy.

The females do not attract our sympathy because they are never in the least honest, never our idealized image of how we would behave if caught in these circumstances. They lay their suburban trappings they do not retain any of the qualities we consider admirable enough an extravagant self-interest. The ability to love is the first lesson to despise, but the love between Goodwin and Marston and the supposedly fluid variety between parents and children. The absolute nature that Marston discovers is himself in "short, like a solitary animal at the season when he is alone, and when the gun discharges out of its hiding place, the females become aware that by having nothing they are nothing in this new scheme of things."

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- Titles**
- 1 Noble House, Cleveland (1)
 - 2 God Emperor of Babel, Melbourne (2)
 - 3 The Englishman's Boy, New York (3)
 - 4 The Englishman's Boy, New York (4)
 - 5 The Englishman's Boy, New York (5)
 - 6 The Englishman's Boy, New York (6)
 - 7 The Englishman's Boy, New York (7)
 - 8 The Englishman's Boy, New York (8)
 - 9 The Englishman's Boy, New York (9)
 - 10 The Englishman's Boy, New York (10)

Noted

- 1 The Last Good Man, New York (1)
- 2 The Last Good Man, New York (2)
- 3 The Last Good Man, New York (3)
- 4 The Last Good Man, New York (4)
- 5 The Last Good Man, New York (5)
- 6 The Last Good Man, New York (6)
- 7 The Last Good Man, New York (7)
- 8 The Last Good Man, New York (8)
- 9 The Last Good Man, New York (9)
- 10 The Last Good Man, New York (10)

(1) Fiction best-seller

FILMS

Dribbling to freedom

VICTORY

Directed by John Huston

The last 90 minutes or so of *Victory*—lauding a soccer game and featuring the pure poetry that knows no rules—are well and stirring. The game, between the Germans and prisoners of war during the Second World War, is the only reason for the movie's existence. An idea as, this is not a bad one. The fiction of the Allies doing battle with the Nazis on the playing field leaves room for suspense, comedy and a different kind of commentary on war. But *Victory* plays along with such sluggish portendancy that by the time the game is staged at Paris' Colombes Stadium the audience has been kept waiting for too long.

The sympathetic German officer (Max von Sydow) who arranges the game is a former soccer player himself and represents the spirit of sportsmanship that can exist even under the Third Reich. The Allies, under coach Michael Caine, of course have none of it, and a renegade American (Sydney Pollack) discovers that team spirit is much more important than merely escaping to freedom. When Sydow escapes he's charged to arrange the escape of the entire soccer team with the help of the French Resistance. They in turn convince him to return to the camp with the details of the plan. The unbelievable bit made, there's a feeling running through *Victory* that the war is taking place in another planet. Throughout all the plans for escape and Sydow's first flight to freedom is in rather incredible that nothing so obvious as fear doesn't impede his fate. In a subtle way, *Victory* somewhat changes the experience of those who were prisoners of war—that captivity has become a mere pretext for plot.

In kind terms, *Victory* craves not for some suspense, each plot item is accompanied by a drawn-out prelude. During the final confrontation there is one glorious slow-motion shot of Pollack in the air, but this is hardly enough to redeem an entire movie. The Caine roar of the crowd, Bill Clinton's roaring praise and the excitement of a soccer game can combine to say that a sports event is the most moving arena for human values and human effort. The victory achieved in *Victory* is truly Pyrrhic.

—LAWRENCE D'OTTOLIO



Travolta and Delve: no onsets of starting recognition and terror

The sound and the worry

BLOW OUT

Directed by Brian De Palma

Blow Out is the first Brian De Palma movie not to look like a Brian De Palma movie. It lacks the visual complexities and the crackling rhythms that make *Carrie*, *The Fury* and *Obsession* to Killman works of pop art. The heightened emotions and roller-coaster emotions of his previous works are absent in *Blow Out* because the plot relies upon, and keeps referring back to, a single detail (a gunshot captured on tape). That detail, which is too reminiscent of the blown-up photograph of the gun in *Shogun*, keeps the movie in a slow-flow, straight line.

When Jack (John Travolta), a second-hand who works on cheap horror flicks,

is not at night taping sound effects, he sees a car go over a bridge and seems to see the woman inside. The woman, Sally (Nancy Allen), works behind the makeup counter at Kervinon, but has been involved in a scam to bilk money out of officials by leading them into compromising situations. This time the official is a state governor and a likely presidential candidate, and he's killed in the crash. Sally is paid back money to split town and Jack is told to forget what he saw. But when Jack listens to what he has taped, he realizes the blowout was caused by a gunshot. He notices photographs of the accident (taken by Sally's partner in blackmail) and enlists Sally's help in exposing the cover-up.

De Palma's is a subversive, eggy sensibility. In *Blow Out* he gets bogged down in the detail of the gunshot. The drudgery of explanation, which has always been his weakest spot, is like an arid attached to his leg—he can't run with this material. There are no sur-

prises, no moments of startling recognition and terror as the old-blinded professional assassin (John Cazale) pursues Sally and, to a lesser extent, Jack. We know exactly what's going to happen. The director is showing a certain sluggishness (a professional killer would never be as careless as this one), and his bad-boy humor dealing with screaming effects for the movie Jack is working on (*Covert Priority*) interrupts the narrative gratuitously.

Obviously De Palma wanted to fashion a heartbreakingly naive romance within a murderjack thriller setting. John Travolta is a problem, has been never regains paranoia—he just looks as though he's always deep in thought or the completely blank. Nancy Allen's Sally, who is dumb but likeable—a perfect portrait of an amateur heroine, has nothing to play her dippy appeal of other than Travolta's blank visage. He looks as if he should be reading the news on TV.

When a fresh-faced director is confronted by a narrative that allows little room to breathe, he's hemmed in on all sides, even visually. The drag, cinematographically doesn't have the sparkle or the shadow bends other De Palma movies have had. Except for a few striking close-ups and Harry Allen's part as a man, *Blow Out* is a bust. —L. OTTOLIO

A shortage of natural resources

GAS
Directed by Len Bow

Frustrated as Gus aren't meant to be taken seriously. They are merely driven in a roller, first confessions and then a series of scenes that often come easily. However, even for such fluffy fare there must be standards. In return for the price of admis-

tion that, when forced to keep away from the screen, they are not even as good as the house. The house, though they are, the parents (Don Murray and Shirley Knight) are not amused. Confused, Delve passes away the days at a movie before first time he finally conspires all.

Director Francis Ford Coppola has gone this route before with the troubling tone poems of *Romance and Juliet*. Here, he shoots his lovers stark naked through the mists of many months of love cinematography. In the process he has hospitalized Scott Spenser's mood, the elements of the plot onto the air like in many *Spenser*.

Endless Love is the arctic version of *The Blue Lagoon* and, yes, it is quite endear. —L. OTTOLIO

Brief Encounters

ZORRO, THE GAY BLADE

Directed by Peter Medak

The latest victims of Hollywood revisionism is Zorro. He, of the cape, mask and whip has now gone pop, helped in no small way by George Hamilton, whose last contribution to culture was the beserk-led *Desires of Lovers* at First Base. What's next? Superman

darting into a telephone booth and coming out in a daze? As Don Diego Vega, alias Zorro, Hamilton launches *Travolta* for a Californian burrito while he fights "injunctives." As the don's twin, Rocky Wigglesworth, also alias Zorro, Hamilton is a graduate of *La Cage aux*

Felines who favors highly eroticized ensembles. The masterplan, if that's what they like to call themselves, do everything except hand him a limp whip. *Desires* loses company, here exemplified by Lauren Hutton as an actress from the *Reveries* school of *Arts*. That Zorro is no gay blade—*Arts* just meant.

ENDLESS LOVE

Directed by Francesco Zeffirelli

This freshest teen-ager Brooke Shields is at it again—this time in the role of the "kiss" in the movie, *Endless Love*. She plays out her Cathia Kladis to play Jude, with whom David (Marlon Brando) is head-over-heels. He's no head-over-heels in

tion, and substance, the audience must get the odd belly laugh. Modelled along the busy lines of *Carwash* and *Used Cars*, *Gus* is broad, vulgar and bursting with abuse scenes. But this certified, two-dimensional Canadian man about a gasoline shortage is some unappealing American guy has failed to meet the next base of standards. It is distinctly unfunny.

Senior Ampach is a dippy TV reporter who smells a conspiracy behind the local gasoline shortage and careers around town in search of evidence. Carriers in perhaps too mild a word: this woman can't get to lunch without wiping out two fruit stands on the way. Sterling Hayden, tagged out in exaggerated fashion dandruff and wearing a falcon on his wing, is the evil mastermind behind it all. The plot, of course, is just a skeleton on which to hang a few laughs, which are supposed to come from the ironic fringe: the Vespaist brothers (Michael Hagen and Paul Kellner) who

TELEVISION

Pulling the plug on a plum



Peter Onorati and Mark Rolston not so good-looking when compared to Hagen

An longstanding joke has it that the Canadian film industry produces more rumors than films. The surprising demerit of the major independent production house, Nielsen-Ferns, last week only confirmed gossip its giant parent, Torstar, wanted out of the risky film business. The announcement itself downplayed the significance of the event. TV producers Dick Nielsen and Pat Ferns (*City, The Nineties*) were saying a goodbye to the award-winning company leading their names. In its place, they plan to set up a new, as-yet-undetermined firm geared to the pay-TV market. Torstar, which bought 50 per cent of Nielsen-Ferns in 1976 and the remaining shares later, will retain the name and projects now in production—including the Robin Phillips-directed feature film, *The Worn*. When commitments to investors are complete, Nielsen-Ferns will fold. Says Ferns: "I think their decision was based on their feeling that we are not a major profit centre. We don't look so good."

Nielsen-Ferns is the second major closure within a year to shake the independent film business—and observers counted only six major companies to begin with. Last year the TV variety house Wilks & Close Productions Inc. (*The Palace, Great Artists*) went into receivership, although it kept its doors open until February to finish shows already under way. The blame for the collapse has been attributed to the financial malaise that has troubled the feature film industry and the production houses that work almost exclusively in television. Tax shelters allowing 100-per-cent capital-cost-allocation write-offs created the overheated production

boom of the late '70s, with 55 feature films made in Canada in 1979 alone. This year six have been filmed, 16 more are slated: the much-vaunted boom has slid into a worrying slump.

The problem is money. High interest rates, heavy investors and banks that are increasingly unwilling to provide interim financing have combined to virtually dry up producers' funds. In December, 1980, producers and their brokers were left holding \$46 million in unsold feature film units as investors, burned by previous unprofitable films, chose to spend their money elsewhere. Despite Torstar's backing, Nielsen-Ferns wasn't exempt from such sudden money problems. The parent company covered only the overhead, with the exception of the firm's only feature film, *The Worn*. Torstar did not capitalize actual productions. Nielsen-Ferns, too, was forced to find investors in the open market—and failed.

The failure was a marked contrast to the attractive face that Nielsen-Ferns offered investors at the outset. CBC-TV veterans Dick Nielsen and Pat Ferns formed their company with their first independent project in 1976, the religious series *A Third Testament*. Four years of successful collaboration followed until Torstar grabbed the plans in 1980. It was just a first-writing purchase, says Dave Jalby, Torstar vice-president, not designed to give Nielsen-Ferns a view into the heart of the film industry. Coming at the height of book-to-screen translations, the deal seemed propitious: the shelves full of *Harlequins* already being by Torstar produced almost inevitably colorized. The early years of the Torstar relationship were artistically heady—and profitably profitable. But trouble ensued

during the first nine months of 1980, when Nielsen-Ferns slipped into the red. The losses are blamed on an antagonism but on the pervasive skepticism of investors about the film industry; their product's difference from lackluster feature films was not perceived in the marketplace. In 1980, says Jalby, the company may lose between \$500,000 and \$1 million, a rate that will continue until it closes.

Torstar's Jalby has no estimate of the company's final closure date. Winding up could, he says, take "years and years." Meanwhile, Dick Nielsen will continue as producer of *The Worn* for Torstar and take, with Pat Ferns, other scripts to his new company. Included in these are a project on the children of Dr. Bernardo's house, written by Margaret Atwood and Peter Pearson, and a script of Antonio Mollino's award-winning novel *Poligamia-obsessiva*. Torstar will keep the *Harlequins* for possible production by a *Harlequin* sub-



Brent Carter in *The Worn*, waiting for pay-TV to open the cashflow

sidary. Ferns points out that Torstar divested itself of Western Broadcasting this February and has not applied for a pay-TV license. "I think they've decided their expertise lies in print communications and perhaps the electronic adaptation of that."

Like a legion of other producers, Nielsen and Ferns themselves have been "seduced," says Ferns, by the prospect of pay-television. Curiously absent from their calculations is the CBC, now struck by technicians because of its wish to buy more independent programming. But Ferns feels pay-TV will require a kind of quality Canadian programming—and therefore, he hints, lies the bottom line of their parting from Torstar. Optimistically, he predicts, "Canadian subjects can indeed be of interest to foreign audiences, and I look forward to the prospect of producing that." But the question remains: how healthy will the Canadian production industry be in Canada by the time pay-TV opens its cashflow?

—LESLIE KREINER

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Sucherland: Slippy cinema toddler

ren's *Mafia-buckled* get cemetery; Ed Marshall (Peter Aykroyd) who lives living rooms and gas stations to protect his sister's cemetery. In a perverse piece of casting, Newline Mandel, a stand-up comic with an innate ability to make anything funny, gets saddled with the straight man role. Howling about the rest is Donald Sutherland as Nick the Sic, the airborne *die jokers* on the lookout for the threat, *lawyer in law*. "This is the Sic, giving you a notion where to get the nation killed."

Throughout all this, Richard Wolf's script, a sophisticated bodge-jodge, insults Arabs, Asians and black. Director Lee Baei doesn't understand around of camera time to the derision of Ampach and her female cohorts. In fact, not even Barbara Streisand's outstanding performance in *The Mirror* has the legitimate effect as featured as so many recalled for behind. As the so-so pretty girl, "Tasha, but no tankie".

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